

# CAVALCADE

OCTOBER, 1952. 1/6



HER FACE MADE HISTORY — Page 4

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# Cavalcade

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VOL. 16, No. 5

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# HER FACE MADE HISTORY

Behind her decade of beauty and allure, Helen of Troy was a cruel, pitiless, designing beauty—a slave to selfish passion.



ONE hot summer morning more than 3,000 years ago, a tall, broad-shouldered, golden-haired beauty, who "moved like a goddess and looked like a queen," was bathing in a quiet stream on the Aegean island of Rhodes.

Naked, she tilted the driveway leaves away, striking shimmering poses to admire the reflective curves of her voluptuous figure reflected in the clear still water.

Suddenly a crowd of deteropehged-looking women appeared on the bank. Rough hands grabbed her out of the water and clamped cruelly at her loveliness before they bound her as a toy. Then, like wild fawns, her captives danced wildly round her and took turns at attracting her slowly to death.

Thus died the fabulous Helen of Troy, over whom, for a decade, nations fought, cities were razed and

careless men and women were slain. From childhood the name of Helen was famous throughout the Grecian world. She beauty rivaled her tears, won the stars, before kings, chiefs and warriors flocked to Athens to gaze on her—and to woo her.

Fearing the rivalry of these warlike suitors might force into open conflict, her father, Tyndarus, decided she must wed. He ruled all the love-sick suitors together for the purpose of choosing the lucky man.

Before he announced his choice, Tyndarus bound them with a sacred oath to abide honorably by his selection and defend to the death the right of the chosen husband to undisturbed possession of the divine Helen.

Then Menelaus—the bluff, hearty, red-headed and popular King of Sparta—was picked as Helen's husband. Triumphant he carried his blazing bride home to his palace.

More interested in war, the games and hunting than the necessary attractions of love, Menelaus, had to but know of it, had no hope of holding Helen. To his regret there came a visitor, who wooed and won her behind his back.

His name was Paris, and he was the son of Prius, King of Troy, a rash and suspicious city-dweller in Asia Minor. Paris was a handsome weakling. His soft blood could, perhaps, not grasp the truth and unadorned ardour caused Helen to fall in love as she had never done before.

Blind to the affair, Menelaus decided to go campaigning in Crete.

As soon as he was gone, Paris begged Helen to elope with him to Troy. Late one night, with a shipload of robbery and jewelry they had stolen from the palace, they set out across the Aegean Sea.

When Menelaus heard of Helen's desertion, he hurried home through

Greece and adjacent islands, he sent couriers ransacking the harbor waters of their sacred oath.

At the same time he informed King Prius in Troy how treacherously Paris had repud his hospitality and demanded that Helen be returned.

But there was victory about Helen. Already her beauty had captivated not only Paris' brothers, but his aged father as well.

"To hold this woman," it has been written, "they were prepared to fight the world to see their city washed and their wives and children in slavery."

Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, was elected commander-in-chief of the Greek force, which set sail from Aulis about 1200 B.C. It did not return for two years.

Meanwhile, in Troy, Prius had also been collecting his allies from various parts of Asia Minor and Phrygia. Under his son Hector, they waited on the shores for the invading Greeks.

The Trojans, however, were unable to prevent a landing. They were driven back over the narrow beach plan into the security of the city walls.

To end fire over the years the storm of battle faded. Under their great warrior, Achilles, the Greeks captured and sacked the ill-fortunated city of the Trojans' allies But, thanks mainly to the intrepid generalship of Hector, the defenders were able to keep Troy itself invulnerable.

Then Achilles and Agamemnon quarrelled on the Greek camp sent a pretty little captive maiden named Briseis, whom they both coveted. Enraged by his authority, Agamemnon decreed that she should be his.

Achilles, who commanded the contingents from Phrygia and Italia, thereupon withdrew all his troops

from the conflict. The Trojans, leaving the scene, took heart, staggered from their city and drove the Greeks back to their ships.

Bulking in his boat, Achilles was informed of the impending disaster by his friend and follower, Patroclus. Gladly he gave him permission to join the fight, but he still refused to have any part in it himself.

Under Patroclus, Achilles' men saved the day. They took the Trojans on the flank and forced them to retreat again to the beleaguered city. At the gates, however, Hector rushed in his chariot and turned to face Patroclus, who had for once stopped his comrades in the thrill of the chase.

Before Patroclus could raise his shield, Hector had thrown his spear scorchingly into his breast. When Achilles heard that Patroclus had been slain, he drove his chariot to the gates of Troy and challenged Hector to fight.

In a deadly afternoon the two champions advanced to the battle. Achilles, warned of Hector's manly aim with the spear, was ready for them both, dashing heroically on his shield.

Hector drove his sword to deadly hazard, but he had no hope now against Achilles' spear. One swift thrust from the Greek killed him dead in the dust.

But Achilles' turn was soon to come. The unfortunate Paris was no fighter, he knew he could not beat Achilles in combat, but he swore that he would kill him.

Day and night he worked on the wall.

At last came the chance he sought. He stood up, fitted an arrow to his bow and fired at straight and true to the target—the heart of Achilles, driving recklessly near the wall to his chariot.

In the ninth year of the siege, Paris himself was killed as he led a band of warriors on a foray outside the gates.

The death of Paris, the amorous prince who had caused the conflict, did not bring an end to hostilities. Helen, fearful of what Menelaus might do in her case, turned her shoulders, smothering eyes on King Priam's only remaining son, the youthful Diomedes.

Woe-worn but loyal, the Trojan citizens looked on eagerly as the pair went through a marriage ceremony a few days after Paris was buried.

The bewitched Diomedes then ordered them back to their jobs. "The fight goes on!" he cried.

But the end was not far off. Troy was to fall within a year by the famous stratagem of the wooden horse.

The story is that the Greeks built a colossal hollow horse of wood, like a great Menelaus and 100 picked fighters, stowed to the teeth. Then the opening at the side was closed and hidden from within.

Learning the horse stashed on the blood-drenched plain before the city, the rest of the Greeks broke camp, boarded their ships and sailed away into the west.

Rejoicing the Trojans trooped out, believing the horse had been left as a peace offering to their pagan gods and that the war was at last over. With ropes they dragged it into the city.

That night, while they slept, the hidden Greeks crept out. They opened the gates to admit thousands of their fellows, who had returned in the ships under cover of darkness.

Caught in their beds, the Trojans were helpless. All were slaughtered,

and their city was burned to the ground.

Menelaus burst in on Helen and Diomedes, slumbering peacefully in each other's arms. Raising her eyes, he disembowelled and beheaded the sleeping Trojan bar.

Then, with vengeance in his heart, he turned to wreck the same punishment on her. She stood before him, beautiful and calm in the dim light, and held out her arms in vain appeal.

Menelaus' blood-stained sword fell to the ground beside the motionless body of Diomedes. For ten years he had waited for this moment, debating how he would kill her.

Now he could not kill her and deb with rough tenderness at the crocodile tears she turned on with practiced ease.

Back to Sparta Menelaus carried his wife. Back to death where women they had not seen for ten years went the other Greeks.

When Menelaus died, Helen again found herself in trouble. Her two illegitimate sons, by one of Helen's lovers, rose against him.

She sought refuge on the island of Rhodes, being welcomed by its queen, Polycra.

But in reality Polycra hated her. Like so many others, her husband had been killed on Helen's behalf before the walls of Troy. To a daughter or so of these widows, she sent a summons. They came and passed a death sentence on Helen.

A few days later they carried it out in secret, morning and murdering her fatal beauty with mad jealousy and rage.





Battle, murder, sudden death and buried treasure figure in the long turbulent history of this little-known Pacific isle.

## Golden lure of Suvarrow

**I**F it's treasure you're wanting, I can tell you where to look. It is a secret shelf, of course, in the trade-tale of treasure islands, and it would not be impossible, with modern equipment, to turn the whole list into reality.

Three men, to my certain knowledge, have visited the island and come away richer for golden dollars, Mexican silver pieces, and Spanish doubloons—but the big prize is yet to be found.

The island is called Suvarrow. It lies squarely in the center of the world's biggest ocean, about equal

distant from Australia and Hawaii, and 600 miles due east of Samoa.

Who put the treasure there? Nobody knows. Suvarrow was a sort of bank in the old days. For centuries it served as a halfway house for the Spanish galleons voyaging from the Indies to the Strait of Magellan.

Even then there was rumormongering about Suvarrow and its fabulous hoard. And why? Suvarrow? Look at the Pacific map, at the hundreds and thousands of other islands scattered in a broad swathe all the way from New Guinea to the Americas, and

ask yourself why none speaks in whispers of the particular 600 acres of sand and coral.

Livingston knew, but he told nobody. When, in 1823, the Yankee whaler *Gann* ran off a sandy reef, Evans landed the party from Tahiti which undertook the salvage of the precious cargo. He got it, too, every barrel of it. For this quest, Captain Evans was a big color who knew the islands. But then, with the oil aboard his ship, Evans announced that the real search would now begin.

Landing on Suvarrow, he hunted himself with an old map and a compass. Finally he slipped the hulk of a particular tree and commanded his dinky crew to dig. Dig they did, for a full week, until they covered their skipper and threatened to drown him. At length he shrugged, checked his calculations, and selected another tree. Three hours later specks were on a metal. A locked chest—chest was hoisted up to the surface.

Evans had it carried off to the captain's cabin, and there, in the presence of other officers, he smashed the lock. Inside was 12,000 dollars in American gold. Evans was satisfied. He looked for no more treasure, and he told nobody the secret of how he came to be in possession of the map.

The old shellfishes and beach-combers of the islands were certain of this fact. Captain was really worth-while, that he had surely been lucky in this vast knowledge that was Suvarrow. There were those who hinted darkly that, given a few drinks and passage in a ship, they would make a strike that would turn Evans green with envy.

Nobody believed beachcombers, even in those days—but when the next clue came, it came from the same place—Tahiti. Lance Barrett, a young English trader, was waiting

for his ship to be refitted when he fell to drinking with a petrepreneur old diver of the Tahiti beaches.

The ancient mariner's pluck was a familiar man. He knew exactly where the Suvarrow treasure was buried, but he was too old to bother with it himself. For a time, now—

Barrett may have been glib, as he may have had plenty of money, but he brought another round and handed over the five pounds. The old man took pencil and paper, painstakingly drew a map of the island, and marked two oceans. Barrett shrugged, pocketed the map, and wrote the diver off to experience.

A few weeks later, however, his ship was passing Suvarrow. He got the map out, and was at once struck at the accuracy of the old man's drawing. He took the ship in to an anchorage which was noted, with all landing marks, in the old man's spidery handwriting—was on his first trip when he was able to go straight to the spot indicated by the first ocean.

With growing excitement he dug—and they dug down he unearthed a small, iron-bound box. Inside were Mexican and Spanish coins worth about 5000 dollars.

We can be sure that he made the swiftest possible time to the location of the second ocean. But here he lost courage. Digging only brought him sand and more sand. Finally he gave the whole thing away, and sailed out of the story with a neat profit on his original investment.

And that brings us to the worsted story of all—the tale of the Crusier Sea battle and the turtle's hoard.

In 1825 a hardy character named Handley Edmund Stenlake arrived at Suvarrow to establish a trading post for the New Zealand firm of Henderson and Macdonald. This firm, which had its headquarters in Auckland, was a famous trading com-

# FOUND OUT

Did you know that a bath sponge

Is a skeleton of something?

At one time it was living —  
Though, of course, it was a  
dumb thing

When first I heard the story,  
I trembled, and nearly blab-  
bered

A skeleton, of all things,  
I had within my cupboard!

— WRASSEL

own of the June. Its vessels carried the distressing mark of a large circular scar, usually painted in black on the fore-ignant.

Sturmde took his task very seriously. He found the island deserted, but could not be sure how long that state of affairs would exist. He would soon be sitting on a deserted stock of trade goods, and in those precious times there was no saying whether a visitor would be friendly.

In hopes about the island were large concrete and stone blocks—the sort which vessels for centuries have been carrying as ballast and dumping as a convenient bench on cargo because available. You will find them like scattered all over the Pacific. Sturmde and his native boys man-handled them into the shape of a fort, which he armed well with ships' cannon.

The rest of 1873 and most of 1874 slipped by before trouble came—and then it came from New Zealand. The Central New concern became disinterested with Sturmde's work, and were rather despondent of the fact that

he was more inclined to drink to them than restore order.

Matters came suddenly to a head when a schooner appeared in the lagoon with a Captain Fernandez, sent by the owners to replace Sturmde. That worthy had other plans. He withdrew with his boys made the well-mounted fort, sealed up the gate with a loose stone block or two, and opened fire on the schooner.

Fernandez replied in kind, and for upwards of a fortnight fire and schooner swapped roundabout. Sawarwee had hardly ever been livelier—but not a great deal of damage was done. It became obvious that the schooner could do no more than keep her distance.

That was the situation when the brig Hone arrived, with one Henry Mear aboard. Now Mear was one of the famous New Zealand fighting class of that name. Also, he was a friend of Sturmde's, and his sympathy lay entirely with the beleaguered fort.

Henry Mear discussed matters with Fernandez, and suggested conditions which the captain was prepared to accept in order that the dispute might be settled locally. There was no easy way of putting these up to Sturmde, for by that time anyone attempting to set foot on the island in daylight was likely to make contact with a musket-ball or a charge of grape.

Mear would wait darkness. Then, slipping himself naked, he let himself quietly down the anchor chain of the Hone and struck out for shore.

He worked his way slowly in across the shadowy lagoon, using the almost blackest of the night. The boy faded behind him, and there were no attendant shadows. In the cool water he was swimming so he felt the beach come up under him. He sprang for a moment in the shallow.

Then, just ahead of him on the beach, a black shadow moved. There

was a chunk of metal, and something bulky slid over the sand into the water nearby. He gaped with relief. A novel! But why that terrible noise?

He went to the turbo-vent and examined it. An amazing sight met his eyes. The particle had dug a shallow hole—and uncovered a treasure. Spanish coins lay loose about a waist-deep hole which fell apart on his hands. In it were more coins, jewelry and precious stones.

Mear was a man of action who believed in one job at a time. Selecting some pieces of eight and a couple of rings in someone—nothing more than a handful in all, for he was naked—he returned the rest of the treasure to the face of a tree. He had to do this with his bare hands, of course, but it was only going to be for a little while. Then he went on to the fort.

Sturmde welcomed him, and also his proposal for a peaceful settlement. He also welcomed the story of the discovery. The following day a truce was made, and all parties returned to Auckland to put the matter before the Courts. Considering the fact that tempers were running high in the two ships, Mear and Sturmde decided to keep to themselves the news of the find. It was as time for contemplation.

As it happened, neither of them would ever set foot on Sawarwee again. Mear was killed by natives in the New Hebrides, Sturmde died in America. All that remains of that strange enterprise, and of Henry Mear's incredible stroke of fortune, is his handful of sovereigns. If you are interested enough to contact the Mear family of Auckland, you may be allowed to see the relics and the yellowed papers relating to their discovery.

That is the best I can do for you

another treasure-seeker. Henry Mear's little cache should be easy enough to find. It should be beneath a tree, close to the water's edge, and probably somewhere on a dead tree between the normal seagulls and the ruins of Sturmde's fort. And it should not be very deep.

As for the rest—how it occurred to you that nothing even as modest as a mere detector has been used on Sawarwee? Supposing you landed there with one—noting elaborate, just one of those Polish home-made things like a map with sunglasses—what chance would you have? Well, the island is only six hundred miles overall, and a lot of that could be walked out so readily. And these other treasures were in steel or iron-bound boxes—

Feed the man of a South Sea Island holiday? The flying boats run in Samoa now, and Sawarwee is just five hundred miles away.



# ALL FOR FREE

An Australian visitor finds how to spend a pleasant, inexpensive but rather breathless evening in the nightclubs of Paris.



BETTY HESLEY

THERE were six of us sitting the shoe-topped table in the Deux Magots at the corner of St. Germain-des-Près, where Surrealistism first raised its voice. Considering that all we had between us was £600 (more brother under All Australia), we should have been sitting in a much less red-gloxy cafe drinking our after-dinner coffee.

But we liked the Deux Magots, particularly the two grinning Chinese figures in the middle of the room which gave the place its name. After all, the coffee wasn't that much more expensive.

Our conversation was concentrated on how far £600 (more) would go in

taking us on a weekend tour of the Perianth "boudoirs de nuit." (We call them night clubs, the French call them "night boudoirs.")

"Not very far," we said gloomily.

It was our last night in Paris. We had previously paid our hotel bill and we had been wise enough to leave money for our bus fare to the station in the morning in an envelope, together with our return tickets to London, under the carpet in our room.

So there we were, with the two brother figures, pale like £600 (more) notes lying on the table in front of us. We looked at them hard, as if the looking might change them into

£1,000 (more), enough to go somewhere.

Of course, for £600 we could sit around and drink beer, but we wanted something a little more spectacular to finish off our week's holiday in Paris.

It was Johnny who got the bright idea.

"This will take a certain amount of what the French call 'sang froid,'" he said, "but it might work. Now, where do we want to go to first?"

We decided on "Le Morocco." This "quaint" little bistro in a back street of Montparnasse is a little out of the ordinary. Most of the regular clientele are Irish, both young and middle-aged, who spend their nights drinking and dancing together.

"Well," said Johnny, "this is the look, 'Le Morocco.' The most of these night clubs, only served drinks. We go in, hold on to our seats, and as dawn send a person across over for our order. While we are sitting there the idea is to get as good a look at the place and 'les gals' as we can. For free. It can't cost anything to look. We might even have time for a quick two-steps.

"When the waiter comes over, I'll order dinner. We're all very hungry and . . ." He lowered his voice so that the people at the next table couldn't hear. After all, everyone can't go around doing this sort of thing. Once the idea gets around, there won't be any profit left in the night club business.

It worked out all right, better than we had, as most Americans expected.

We took the Metro to Montparnasse and, after stumbling around a couple of ill-lit streets, found a lighted doorway with the words "Le Morocco" gleaming in neon. Not a very impressive location for a very famous place.

We went through the doorway,

pushing aside the heavy curtain which hung in front of it. The room was certainly a "boudoir"—not much bigger than a packing case. There was a bar in the corner near the entrance, and there were tables with bougainvillea on the side. We spotted an empty table at the end of the room.

Madame, the patronne, greeted us as warmly as if we had come to spend the day (hoped) thousands of francs. For all she knew, we had.

Madame wore her hair cut short. She dressed in a masculine black shirt, well cut jacket, white shirt and black tie. She smoked her cigarette (American) in a long black holder.

"American?" she asked. "Americans," we said briefly, our eyes darting around as if on wheels. At least we were having a look!

Before Madame could ask us what we would like, Johnny had pushed my hand and was looking to sit on to the dance floor.

The other couples, without exception, were all women. All types—tall and short, plump and slender, blonde and brunette, attractive and not so attractive—they were dancing drowsily, cheek to cheek, to the slow, languorous music.

Eventually the music stopped, and there was nothing for us to do but return to our table. A little apprehensive now at the imminent ending of our plan, we made our way back across the floor. Every eye in the place turned on us.

Only Johnny had not lost his confidence. "There's nothing to it," he whispered. "Leave everything to me."

A smiling waiter was there before us, rubbing his hands expectantly at the prospect of telling the tourists some of the more expensive Degas reserved for them.

"We're very hungry," Johnny announced. "What do you suggest?" How

WOMAN is a strange and perverse creature. You may call her a hussy, but you must not call her a cat; you may call her a tease, but you must not call her a cat; you may call her a chicken, but you must not call her a fowl; you may call her a duck, but you must not call her a goose; you may call her a woman, but you must not call her a night.

about some roast breast of chicken?"

Still smiling, the waiter politely emphasized the qualities of a very rare breed of champagne.

Just as politely, Johnny repeated we were hungry and wanted food—without delay.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders and went off in search of Madame to solve the problem.

He would have to explain to these uninitiated Australians that no food is served here; only drinks.

The cost of the drink, for those the usual price, covers your night in the "bois." You need only have one drink, or you may have as many as you want. As we weren't having any at all, it was hardly a question worth us.

Before Madame could get across to us, Johnny and I were pushing our way out towards the door, calling to the waiter.

"No good staying here," says Johnny loudly. "Mother to eat. We'll have to find a restaurant."

Our little party moved out of the

door as this, in a rather sideways fashion as we casually laid our last long look around.

Johnny waved a sherry brand to Madame. "Sorry, can't stay. No food. Sorry—see you."

Madame did not reply.

We looked at it two other bytes in the same street, both of them around drunks, an arm from the doorway. We didn't bother to go in and sit down there.

We took the Metro back to St. Germain and decided to try our luck at a peak point in the Rue de Bassano. This was in a section, as not a good few nightclubs on the Left Bank, and we could hardly see through the service lines.

We were lucky enough to be just in time to see the volatile Ferns Jacques, one of Paris' best name ball acts. They were doing their famous song, "General Castagnette," a gentle satire on the military man. The General was a five-musling Madame, always bawling about his fighting prowess; but when the war came he was all in bed with influenza and died. He was, of course, buried with full military honours.

Fortunately, the person didn't get around to our table until the song was over. He wasn't so easy to deal with, but Johnny made it quite clear that we were terrible hungry and hadn't enough money to eat and drink, so we really would have to leave at once, and find a cheap restaurant.

The person said he would call the boss, but Johnny pressed \$25 francs into his hot little hand, and we left, without trouble.

At the next stop, "Fleur du Mal," where almost got out of control. Johnny gave our third order, "Roast chicken for six." He was a little drunk, since he was busy watching the floor show of beautiful girls with

big leaves in diamond spots (very small, leaving, dancing to the tune of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody").

"No roast chicken," said the person.

Johnny couldn't answer for the moment. One of the girls had stepped dead in front of him, and was gently putting him on the check.

"No roast chicken," repeated the person.

This was our cue; we knew it now. With well-rehearsed precision we stood up.

"Amusez-vous, Madame, Monsieur," pleaded the person. "I serve you cold chicken with salad."

We froze where we stood, but not for long. Before he could start off to the kitchen, Johnny came out of his trance and shook his head.

"Oh no, must be hot."

"Cold," insisted the person.

"Hot," said Johnny, handing him \$5 francs and shuffling us out to the door.

This experience so unshared as we had to spend some money in a small bar next door buying ourselves a couple of beers.

But we hadn't done too badly, all nightclubs and just the cost of our taxi in the Metro and tips. Of course, we hadn't stayed as long as them as we would have liked, but you can't have everything.

We had some more beers and spent the last of the 1,200 francs on two taxis back to the hotel.

The concierge sleepily took down our keys from the board and asked us if we had enjoyed ourselves.

"Ah, ah," said she reproachfully, shaking her head at us, "yes, Australia. I know you, spending all your money in these boites de nuit!"





# WHO WAS QUALTROUGH?

The *Western* case is an enigma. Criminologists still argue why murders without motives entered the lives of these two ordinary people.

J. W. HEWING



—AP Wirephoto—

MRS. JULIA WALLACE lay on the floor of the front room of her home at Wulverton, Street, Richmond Park, in the English city of Liverpool.

The pale glow of the match held by her husband was enough to show that she had been brutally murdered. The left side of the head was badly lacerated above the ear. From the wound, brain substance and bone were protruding.

The killer must have dealt the many blows in a frenzy. The first blow above the left ear was sufficient to kill, but the murderer had

struck her more than 20 times before lying prone on her face. Blood was splattered over the walls, and even in patches seven feet up the walls. Beside the woman was her husband's bloodstained overcoat, partly buried.

Then, on January 26, 1931, came the action on one of the gravest crimes in the annals of English crime.

William Herbert Wallace, the dead woman's husband, hauled down the house and told two neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, that his wife had been murdered. The story went back into the house, lit the lights, and

Wallace asked Mr. Johnston to go for the police and a doctor.

Wallace had been in another part of Liverpool, as a result of a phone message to the Central Chess Club—made from a phone box near his home by a "Mr. Qualtrough." He had found the back door of the house unlocked on his return and had then discovered the body of his wife.

Wallace was 45½ years, an insurance agent. Lapper, disappointed, interrupted, he was a typical respected insurance agent. He had a very good character, both in his work and his private life, while his domestic life was known to be perfect.

Wallace and his wife, who was the same age, had been married eighteen years. They had no children, and their hobby was chess. He liked to play chess and was a member of the Central Chess Club which met at the City Cafe, in North John Street, once a fortnight.

The district in which they lived was a quiet one, although there had recently been about twenty robberies in the vicinity of their home, the burglars entering the houses with skeleton keys.

On January 19, 1931, on Monday, at about 11½ p.m., a man who gave his name as Qualtrough, rang the Chess Club and asked for Wallace. The captain of the club, Mr. Easton, who had he did not recognize the voice, answered the phone and said Mr. Wallace was not in the club.

The caller and he wanted Mr. Wallace to call at his address, 29 Menlove Gardens East, the following night at 12, regarding some new insurance business. When Wallace arrived at the club later in the night, he was given the message. He said he did not know the name of the man or the street, but would naturally go after the business.

The next night, having finished

work, Wallace hurried home at ten minutes past six, had his dinner with his wife, who was her normal self, and left the house at a quarter to seven to seek Mr. Qualtrough. The local milk-bag, Close, had delivered milk to Mrs. Wallace as usual, at about 1:30. It might have been later.

Wallace went on his search and found, after many inquiries, that there was no such place as Menlove Gardens East. There was a Menlove Avenue, which Wallace knew, having taken many lessons there, but no such place as that given by the mysterious phone caller.

Wallace returned home. He found the front door would not open to his key. It was then a quarter to nine. He went round the back and could not open the back door. He knocked loudly on both doors.

His neighbors, the Johnstons, were just leaving their house. He told them his predicament and asked them to wait while he tried the back door again. This time he had no trouble, and he searched the house until he found his wife's body.

The natural supposition was that the crime had been committed by burglars in quest of money collected during the day from insurance. However, there didn't happen to be much. Four pounds had been taken from the kitchen, but was later found thrust into a vase in the front bedroom. The notes were bloodstained.

Mrs. Wallace was wearing some articles of jewelry, but nothing appeared to be stolen. This rather upset the theory of robbery as the motive. What other motive could there be? Mrs. Wallace hadn't an enemy in the world and her husband had no enemies. She was not heavily insured or wealthy; he had never been known to make a pass at another woman; he was not a violent man, his accounts were in order;

**CHARLES FELDMAN** and **Mr. Alexander Korda** played for money one night and **Feldman** lost. The following morning he sent a cheque, written in red ink, and a note "You see that this cheque is written in blood." At a subsequent game, **Korda** lost. When **Feldman** received his cheque, he wrote in ink, it had this note: "This is also written in blood, but note the difference in colour."

he had money on the bank and he and his wife were known to have lived on excellent terms.

Nevertheless, the police arrested **William Herbert Wallace**.

There had been no money or struggle in the house, making it look probable that the killer was known to **Mrs. Wallace**. He had struck her down suddenly with an iron bar known to be kept in the fireplace but never missing.

The police said that this someone was **Wallace**. To explain the chance of blood on his clothes, they said he must have slipped naked, drenched his neckcloth, struck the blow, placed the blood-spattered machine-gun beside the woman's body, set it alight, cleaned what blood might have landed on his feet or body, drenched again and gone out.

As **Wallace** was seen to board a train at 7.8, a quarter-of-eleven-hour's walk from his home, and **Mrs. Wallace** had been seen alive about twenty by the milk boys, then **Wallace** must have moved quickly to have

done all this—as well as disarranging the bedclothes as though a struggle had been made there, the money.

The prosecution alleged that **Wallace** had made the phone call himself. It was proved that he was not at home when it was made, and he was not in the club. Yet **Mr. Denton**, who knew him some well, had failed to recognize as **The police** said that **Wallace** had made the call to give himself an alibi, committed the murder, then gone to the district where **Mr. Quinlan** was supposed to live, advertising his search to draw attention to himself.

**Wallace** was tried at **Liverpool Assizes** on April 12. He pleaded "Not guilty." **Mr. E. C. Hennessey**, K.C., and **Recorder for Liverpool**, led for the prosecution, and **Mr. Roland Oliver**, K.C., led for the defence.

**Mr. Oliver** emphasized that there was not the slightest proof that **Wallace** had sent the telephone message. He pointed out that the conflicting medical evidence seemed to fix **Mrs. Wallace's** death at 1 o'clock, when **Wallace** could not possibly have committed the crime.

**Wallace's** alibi was had been noted. **Mr. Oliver** pointed out that some persons are naturally adverse to "making a scene."

"Is there so much thing as the calmness of innocence?" he asked. "Did you hear him groan?" Did you not hear the frankness of his evidence? You know what his friends thought about him, you know his life for fifty-two years, you know his devotion up to this point. Are you going to convict this man? Has the case been proved against him?"

**Mr. Justice Wright** summed up in favour of the defence. His words it clear that the jury could not safely convict with such a lack of proof.

The jury retired for an hour. It was the fourth day of the trial. When

they returned they delivered a verdict which struck everyone dumb. It was "Guilty."

The judge said nothing about consulting with the verdict when he sentenced **Wallace** to death. **Wallace** said, "I am not guilty. I don't want to say anything else."

Naturally, **Wallace** appealed. The Court of Appeal had then been in existence for 24 years, but at that time it had only tried one man under sentence of death — a man named **Charles Kilson** who was con-

demned for the murder of a woman in **Soho**, in September, 1931.

The Court of Appeal passed the bill of **London** a second time in the **Wallace** case. It quashed the verdict of the jury and **Wallace** was released.

Twenty-one years have passed since that trial, but the murder of **Mrs. Julia Wallace** has never been found. Before the Court of Criminal Appeal was founded **Wallace** would have been hanged on the jury's verdict. Who really did kill **Mrs. Wallace**? Who was the mysterious **Quinlan**?

# VANISHING ASH TRAYS

By CLYDE WILLIAMS





# DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

MERVYN ANDREWS

Whelan Rocky Whelan was one of Thurmond's worst murderers.

GRANDY MOUNTAIN sat at the bottom end of the table. It was of old-fashioned type with wide drop-ends. The top was at the top end, a smart, rugged charcoal burner. Its barely found space at the board as a stool with three backs to the wall.

A holed step sounded outside the hut. It was isolated, a pioneering patch in the bush of Devil's Den, beyond a middle in the lower slopes of Mount Wellington, up a long valley leading from Rocky Bay, out of Robert, Tasmania.

Granny's eyes gave silent order.

The children beat their heads over their plates, pretending to eat, on the example of their mother.

Mountain rose from his stool to move in ungodly stride to the door. It opened to allow the warring glow of the hollow fire to shed a golden hue over the face of Constable Finn.

The charcoal burner gave gruff greeting, then slipped back quickly so as to remove himself from between the door and the table.

Finn nodded "Rocky Whelan's been seen prowling through the gullies this way. I thought I'd best warn you." Casually he added,

"You've not seen him, I suppose?"

"The dirty, murdering blackguard, him?"

Finn took that as a negative to his question. He addressed the man. "Just carry a lantern when you go round your fire to-night. I'd hate to chase you in mistake for Rocky, like I nearly did last time I hunted for him this way."

Mountain laughed; it snaped with nervousness and was without humor. "That was clean. I just called out in time."

"Yes. Well—" The constable's eyes lingered over the food on the table. A mango enough here, but it was a long trip back to Robert Town. He asked mildly: "Granny was not noticeably hospitable. 'Keep a good look out for Whelan and report if you see him.'"

Mountain stood near the open door, listening wearily until the policeman's footsteps faded into the night. At Granny's nod of satisfaction, he closed the door, dropping the bar in place.

"Come out of' South water', Rocky," Granny invited.

The lowered side-flap lifted, and a bearded-eyed man crawled from under the table. As he straightened up, he ascended a pallet carefully before stepping it to his belt. Throughout the interview it had been stired from under the table strands at the policeman's heels.

It could have been law, terror, that caused this timidity, living in an isolated hut in dense bush, to give food, maintenance, and protection to Rocky Whelan. Rocky was an outlaw who would kill—and had in fact killed—a man for fourpence.

Nowhere in the records of Australian crime can there be found a tally of cold-blooded murders in so short a time as that confessed to later by John Gannon as Rocky!

Whelan, bushranger and killer.

In a flash of terror lasting less than three seconds Rocky continued to five murders of the most cynical and brutal type.

Big names in Tasmanian bush-ranging—like Martin, Cook, Hays, and Brady—overshadow Whelan. He was among the best of a wild era that the rigorous convict system produced.

Like Cook, Whelan came from Woodstock, Ireland. Cook knew him as a boy, and also as the "Devil's life of the Austral Seas," Narkle. Rocky spent nearly thirty years on that out-worn' hell on earth.

Callous, hard-faced, broad-based, Rocky Whelan was sent constantly to Port Arthur to serve a "transportation" period to fit him for release at the expiration of the term. After eighteen months, with a number of other old-laps—contemporarily referred to as "Pean's second cousins"—he was let loose on the hapless shores of Robert Town.

Shortly afterwards, an elderly man named Apter chartered his driver, checking to walk up a hill on the Brown River-North West Bay road. A trap driven by a man named Rogers passed him on the way, and the two men exchanged civilities. Apter did not reach the hill top; he met Whelan.

Rocky presented a cocked pistol, ordering Apter into the bush. At the start of his short career as a highwayman the confined his depredations almost exclusively to this form of crime. Rocky had apparently adopted the principle that dead men could bear no testimony. He blew out Apter's brains before releasing him.

Shortly after that tragedy, a young newspaper man named Dixon, having completed some business in Robert, left to return to Frankfort. He did not arrive home. At pistol point, Rocky mowed him into the bush.

## LAST SYLLABLE

Matrimony is more follow' feet.  
The bride's lightened by a blisful ome —  
But quite asquere for the dating men  
Who shew's gifts upon his doring Dora  
Then comes the CEREMONY, Seta again,  
And dust, which are the bridegroom's obliganon —  
Impossession marriage, and the organ's notes,  
Make him (yes him) larger his big oblation,  
It may be quite O.K. Though dear in price,  
In MATRIMONY many a husband wailow;  
But sometimes they will come a big-sized rht —  
Dowry crown, and ALLIANCE follow.  
Through all these stages of a husband's life,  
There is no doubt — it's motly rather tawny  
I though not for him! — that all the blisited time,  
From first to last, the accent is on MONIEY

— WEASEL

He wounded him in the hand, then battered him to death with the butt of the pistol.

Dane's widow raised an alarm when her husband failed to reach home. The resultant search discovered April's body. Dane's was not found until after Rocky had confessed on the night before his execution.

Whelan was suspected of April's murder, and a reward was offered for his arrest. But Rocky had taken to the wild country fringing Mount Wellington. He found success with the Mountain bandy, whether by poisoning them or because of their squeamishness, none can say. The authorities gave them the benefit of any doubt. His hide-out, however, was in a cave in Proctor's Road Gully, a mile beyond Devil's Den.

Despite the hue and cry, Whelan still provided a lean, but nutritious

wolf. An elderly man near Bagdad, a young man on the Westbury road, and a hawker near Cleveland, all felt victim to his pistol. One crime cost him four shillings, while another returned the miserable sum of four-pence.

Three days after the Cleveland killing, it was rumored that Whelan was in Hobart Town. Police were alerted to comb the town. Rocky was located in the Regency Hotel (now the Commercial Hotel). He submitted to arrest without any dramatic struggle.

It might be thought that the dumb testimony of corpses, unsupported by strong corroborative evidence, would provide the prosecution with a case that any defending counsel would welcome as a dream. Rocky, however, had made one companion to his invariable rule that dead men tell no tales.

Shortly before the Cleveland kill-

ing Whelan backed up a man named Taylor on the Reginald Road, close to the spot where he had made his third acknowledged killing. Taylor knew his gunpowder.

"There's no need to shoot me, Rocky. Here's all my money."

Answer came from an enormous jerk of the pistol. Whelan emphasized it. "Get out of your coat and march into the bush, hands over your head."

The victim complied with the order, of necessity, backed by a loaded gun. He marched into the bush with his hands clomping with fear and the sweat of terror coming from every pore of his body, but he persisted in protesting. He even attempted a feeble joke.

"I know you don't want to shoot me, Rocky. But that pistol says: it might go off."

To all of which Whelan replied dogmatically: "Keep your hands up and keep on walking."

Eventually, however, Whelan was induced to relent. The victim will-

ingly handed over all of his money, and he made solemn vow that if Rocky spared his life, not one word of the incident would ever be mentioned to any living person.

A solemn promise! Perhaps it should have been kept, but there were other lonely travellers along the road, and a mad, lone wolf with thoughts only of murder in his blood-hungry brain was on the prowl through the bush around Hobart Town.

Taylor returned post haste to the settlement and informed the police. There were more than twenty men to hunt Rocky Whelan, an armed highwayman, threatening death to his victims, no other proof was needed that he was a killing outlaw.

Dead men tell no tales! Early in 1883 in the old Hospital Road, one of the last three men to die there, the one exception to his ruthless rule brought death at the end of a rope to Rocky Whelan.



Grand Rapids

# he chose INSANITY



LESTER WAY

In his wild, beautiful, collected act Vincent van Gogh tried to express the tumult of passion that was in him

The Dutchman was loved, trembling with rage. After the wine, he threw the wine-glass, then, so suddenly, fell across the table sobbing.

And the wine-drinker lifted him tenderly in his arms and carried him out of the cafe, to a house in the outskirts of Arles that was painted a bright safflower yellow.

The Dutchman had chosen yellow because it was the colour of sunlight, because sunlight—and all the dancing shades it evoked—excited his passions and kept him in a fever of emotion.

His name was Vincent van Gogh. The friend who carried him home that night was Eugene-René-Paul Gauguin.

A few years later, Gauguin was to finish off his life in Tahiti, after having used up all his money and all his guests, after having made more poems from island paganism and used them to cover every available wall with monologues.

Gauguin was the guest of van Gogh in the yellow house, urgently invited because Gauguin had been literally starving in Paris. The Dutchman, on the other hand, received a tiny pension from his brother.

It was to be the start of agonizing hunger, of an artist's despera-

ncy, said Van Gogh and Gauguin were to work together for a time and, as they could, bring another, and then another, unrecouped guest to share the yellow house.

It was van Gogh's idea—Maybe it was a good idea, but it ended with the crash of that wine-glass. Gauguin couldn't resist telling van Gogh how to paint, and van Gogh couldn't hide his aversion.

Quarrelling constantly, working feverishly, and drinking—it made a bad mixture—Van Gogh's nerves went in the instant when he threw the wine, his reason snapped.

Van Gogh was abruptly repented on the following day. He apologized, and the two men worked on their paintings until darkness stopped them. They didn't go to the cafe. Instead, Gauguin went for a walk.

The streets of Arles were narrow. In 1888, they had no lights, and, as Gauguin walked, he began to hear a soft padding of feet behind him.

He turned, and was able to recognize Vincent van Gogh only a few feet away. The man's eyes, his manner, worried Gauguin that he was facing a ravine lunatic. Van Gogh moved on him, and dull light glinted on the blade of an open razor.

"Vincent!" Gauguin repeated the name sharply. "What's wrong with you? Do you want to murder me?"

Van Gogh stepped the razor closed and hid it behind him. He moved away, walking backward, then turned and, with an eagerly gut, ran into the darkness.

Gauguin didn't return to the yellow house that night, but went to an inn. He thought that van Gogh's overstrained nerves would calm; that in the morning, he would find him sane and again—as normal as Vincent van Gogh ever was.

As a youth, he had been launched,

casually, into what promised to become a successful career as artist-dealer. He did show aptitude for the business, without showing any interest in the paintings he handled. Then he abruptly lost interest, and decided to become a minister of religion.

He actually entered a theological college, but he was too impatient for painstaking study. Besides, those cluttered halls of learning purred. On van Gogh's request, the church sent him among the masses of the black-belt of Belgium as a missionary.

He took his mission so seriously that he embarrassed his superiors.

He stripped the very clothes from his own body to cover the masses, then made more for himself out of old rags; he slept on the ground, he went without food for long periods to feed the poor, till he was more starved than they were.

Van Gogh went a step further. He took a sick leave to his room, stayed here, fed his wife as he himself starved, even planned to marry her to "save her from misery."

That was too much. The church discharged him; his own family washed their hands of him, his small income was stopped, and he was stripped of his status as missionary.

That broke van Gogh's spirit as his health was already broken. A trickle of support began to come from his younger brother and, as an escape from misery, van Gogh began to paint. He went to Paris.

But Vincent van Gogh had to have something in which he could lose himself, to which he could give himself so completely as he had given himself to the Belgian mission. It was not to be found in the art, or artists, or art bourgeoisie of Paris—there, so he went south.

There was something in the quality

IN a sordid business-cafe in Arles, an ex-theatricaler from Paris found an ex-missionary from Holland. They were quarrelling as they had quarrelled intermittently for weeks without knowing exactly why.

It was the winter of 1888, and they were both comparatively young, young enough to live the another twenty years, to have their names spoken with awe in every city in Europe.

Not, of course, they didn't live that long. The Dutchman suddenly dashed his wine into the Frenchman's face.

THOMAS HUXLEY, the renowned evolutionist, had a remarkably developed power of concentration. Once, as the baronet, he continued to sit at the chair after his hour had been set. The baronet looked him gently and asked, "Adequacy, sir?" Sitting up, Huxley said, "Certainly not. I am very over-ruled. When I removed my glasses, I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror opposite. Fortunately I supposed that I had already gone home."

of the sunlight, in the colour of the fields, on the earthly life of the peasants, that caught him up as he needed to be caught up.

Almost overnight, he opened into a genius. For nine months he painted, painted, painted. He completed more canvases in that time than most artists can complete in ten years, all recommended masterpieces today, each worth a fortune to any collector.

In this mood of exalted achievement, he sent for Gauguin, and they worked feverishly together until the agonies brought van Gogh to mental collapse. But behind the agonies lay nine months of startling work done at a state of sustained emotional elation, and behind that again was the unrelieved poverty that kept him hungry, dependent on his brother's meagre charity. Something snapped in his brain. He went after his nearest friend with an open razor, creeping on him, bent on murdering him.

Gauguin's sharp reprimand changed the direction of van Gogh's mania.

He slid away, but he was not gone. Gauguin spent the night at the inn, and went to the yellow house next morning.

He found it surrounded by an angry crowd, and they seized Gauguin. They accused him of murdering van Gogh, they pointed to the blood on his threshold, to the trail of blood leading to van Gogh's bedroom.

Gauguin led the police into the house. They found Vincent van Gogh unconscious from loss of blood, but still alive.

And with only one arm with a towel around his head, soaking up the blood that will seep from the place where an ear had been.

The murder of Gauguin hadn't come off, but van Gogh had kept the razor. He had to do something with it. On the way home, he decided that he would cut his own throat. But apparently that idea didn't make a strong appeal. Before he got around to doing it, he remembered something.

A girl—a girl in the Arctic wastes who had frolicked with him and, playfully, had teased him about his "banjo-shaped ears." In the same joking spirit, van Gogh had promised that, next time he came to enjoy her dances, he would bring one of his ears and present it to her.

He was sane, he was joking, when he made the promise; but now he was mad, now he had a razor in his hand.

He dashed the right ear off clean. He wrapped his head in a towel, and entered the bloody ear to the house of his, and fastened his nose to the way-blonde. She fainted, and van Gogh went home and fasted there.

He recovered his strength, and his sanity. He hurried from his doctor that all he needed to keep his nose

was to avoid over-excitement, and the doctor helped him, trained him in the art of calming himself when his emotions became aroused. Van Gogh was able to do it quite easily. He could have finished his day's work and more.

But not if he painted in the only way he wanted to paint, not if he threw himself violently into the grip of beauty. He painted that before long, and then, quite suddenly, he made his choice.

He chose insanity.

Three months of wallowing in an agony of work, with beauty taking shape under his hands, and then—madness again. In his madness, he would do fantastic things, would paint insane pictures, but he would come out of it, and there would be another two or three months that were his.

For over a year, he made astounding use of his sane months. His store of unmad paintings mounted,

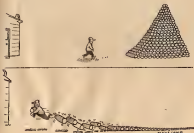
his banquet to poverty became richer each day.

The fever of inspiration began to fade at last, he became dull, and painting became laborious.

He borrowed a revolver, he made sure every chamber was charged. He didn't wait for another fit of insanity, but placed the muzzle to his temple and pulled the trigger.

That was July 29, 1890. A few weeks earlier, a Paris art critic had drawn attention to the remarkable work of Vincent van Gogh. That critic started something that still goes on. What van Gogh did with the revolver was to make sure that, when the whisper of appreciation had grown into a chorus of praise, there would be no untimely second-rate van Goghs.

That is why a van Gogh is definitely a van Gogh. Whether you like the paintings or not, the whole story is there, in every one of them.



## The End of Arguments



### Are Men's Heads Changing?

Don't panic, people, but it's apparently going on right before our eyes — astonishing, previous opinions of anthropologists that the human body takes centuries to change in general structure or size. Now York's Columbia University has for many years been studying the head shapes of immigrants and their American-born sons. They have found that, in this relatively short period, their average head form has undergone "far-reaching" changes. Jews from East European countries generally have very round heads; those now here are more long-headed. On the other hand, Southern European, particularly Italian, who previously had long heads, have changed into short, round-headed types.

### Can You Take a Snake's Thread?

Fehd!

Two hundred members of the British Herpetological Society are at present fading out. They are recording, by photograph, the throat prints of every British snake—a task never attempted before. To a snake expert (herpetologist) the colour pattern on the throat of one of his charges identifies its variety as surely as a fingerprint.

### Can Amnesia be Faked?

It certainly can . . . as a matter of fact latest psychiatric opinion in the United States is that 80 per cent. of people claiming to have lost their

memory are "positively deliberate deists!" Research over a period at the Philadelphia General Hospital has established that most genuine cases of amnesia are linked with a nervous disease or psychosis. The realignment's amnesia attack, on the other hand, is generally traceable to a family quarrel, a disappointment in love, trouble with the police or general maladjustment.

### What is a Seismander?

Don't ask us how he gets his name, but we do know he's a guy who works in the Texas fields and earns over \$1000 a minute for a certain job of work. Before you are light up with a money-hungry gleam, however, let us hasten to add it is a befriend not one of the breed has ever died a natural death. Old wells have an unpleasant habit of bursting into flames at frequent intervals. The seismander puts out these fires — by crawling close and having numerous explosive barrels at hand. He is clad in an asbestos suit and has a metal cable fastened to his waist. With his hands, he tries to sever the connection between the flames and the oil — a feat that requires almost as much skill as nerve. His standard pay for what is generally less than a three-months job is \$2000, but he earns it. There always comes a day when, overcome by the heat and smoke, he collapses and drops his bombs. Then there is nothing left for those on the other end of the cable to haul back.

## TO KEEP A MAN



## ~GUESSING

Here are two gay young things of the dim distant past decked out in the sort of dainty, nine-piece sartorial Gaudoin were to keep all sun, sand and men at a distance. Of course, in those days, men were more plentiful (and craft). However, they don't seem to be very interested in the doings of these diffident demurels preparing to wear the cool conveniences of the sun!



Every generation has a different idea on the correct attire for sea scenes. The 1932 version, as typified by these two, favors bra and trunk and a maximum of bare midriff—and we'd be the last to object to it. With apologies to the poet, we can only murmur: Have you seen nymphs full as beautiful as these, emerging daisy from the seas? Unlike Grandmas, they don't believe a gulf will come to harm simply by uncovering her charms.



While some like to plunge headily into the breakers without delay, others—like this lily-white lovely—prefer to dally fearfully upon the edge and dabble a cautious toe. However, from the look of that Mona Lisa smile and by the glint in those roguish eyes, we'd say that she was more interested in attracting the gaze of some saucy, straw-hatted fellow upon the promenade than entrusting herself to the perils of the deep.



# "Oh my poor Head"

LEE GUARDI



Your headache is not a disease, but a real warning sign of some malfunctioning of mind or body.

**A**USTRALIA, if anyone do not do, must be well on the way to becoming a nation of cephalalgists—victims of chronic or frequent headaches.

Chronic trouble is so prevalent that we consume twice as many pain-killing tablets per head of population as anybody else.

There are more than 200 known causes of headaches. They include cramps, high blood pressure, sinus infection, head injuries, balance changes and brain tumors. Just as persistent and painful, however, may be headaches caused by psychological reasons—anxiety, emotional upset, sexual maladjustments, family squabbles and so on.

Only in the last decade or so has medical science made any real advances in finding out why we should get a pain in our head following these causes, when the body itself has practically no more feeling than a suit, padding.

Brain surgeons, on the course of operations in which local anesthetics were used, began to question their patients while they were on the operating table. With permission, they gently probed and probed the inside of the patients' skulls to discover the sensitive spots.

Over a period, it was then established that the pain centers were usually in the days in those which control the brain and the lower cerebral blood vessels.

Nowhere are headaches and their causes and cures being studied so thoroughly as at the Headache Clinic of the Montefiore Hospital in New York. By means of drugs, surgery, physiotherapy, correction of eye troubles and psychological tests, the clinic has been able to cure 55 per cent of cases treated.

After a complete physical examination, a new patient is subjected to tests to a blood count, a Wassermann test, a check with an electroencephalo-

graph (brain-wave machine) to detect a possible brain tumor or certain diseases of the nervous system, a skull X-ray to discover any bone disease or displacement, a check of teeth, ears, nose and sinuses, and finally tests for possible allergies.

When all these measures have been explored without revealing the cause of a headache, the patient passes on to the psychiatrist. In 85 per cent of cases studied at the Montefiore Clinic, a mental, nervous or emotional condition is a factor behind the headache trouble. In 25 per cent of the cases, it is the sole cause.

When under skilled and experienced questioning the reason that is disturbing the patient clear of being a job or of becoming an old maid, want of affection, self-consciousness and so on is revealed, and is sympathetically talked over, in most cases the headache clears up.

Nearly 80 per cent of chronic headaches, it has been estimated, are due to migraines, sometimes called "the bad headache." It is probably the worst and most painful of all. Fortunately it is not difficult to diagnose and our knowledge generally has successfully treated.

Migraine is a periodic attack of occasional, throbbing pain over the right or left temple, or both, fronts and vomiting, frequently accompanied it to add to the patient's discomfort.

Until 1928, little could be done to relieve it. In that year, however, a French doctor, W. H. Mignot, discovered that ingestion of ergotamine tartrate (a derivative of ergot which is used to control obstetric hemorrhages) would stop most migraine attacks.

A migraine attack is followed by destruction of the gland, adrenal, which causes the pain. Ergotamine tartrate contracts these arteries sufficiently to give relief.

Unfortunately, it cannot be used by patients from high blood pressure, because—by the constriction of the arteries—the blood pressure is raised even higher.

Despite the general success in treatment, migraine is still a mysterious ailment in that the ultimate cause—the trigger that sets off the disease of the arteries—is unknown.

More than anyone else, migraine attacks the perfectionist type—the sensitive soul of driving perfectionists and impatient of time wasting and uncertainty, and the women who follow her husband around the house with a dutiful and an ability.

Recently a California psychiatrist, Dr. A. R. Furman, reported the results of a long period of research on migraine types. As usual, he found the well-known migraine characteristics.

But he also discovered these people showed "a marked need for love and approval, severe disappointment from the slightest loss of self-esteem and acute depression after losing or criticism." On the credit side, however, they were generally "polite, unselfish, gentle, amiable and incapable of hostility and aggression."

In these very noticeable qualities, Dr. Furman believes, can be found the reason for their migraine. He thinks that "migraine headaches are triggered by a love-hate ambivalence, by a disruption of the equilibrium between the desire for love and approval and the normal aggression or 'love' nature."

Headaches can be blamed for more human misery and inefficiency and loss of working time than any other of men's afflictions. At long last, however, they are on the pain, with improved medical and psychiatric techniques. It is no longer necessary for any victim to suffer in silence.

# Crime Capsules



## RAND OF GUILT . . .

In Arizona in 1932, a group of ladies was under suspense for the murder of a white woman on their reservation. Ordinary methods of interrogation had failed with the men, suspense broken, but it was obvious one of them was the culprit. Special Agent Street of the FBI suspected an Apache named Golsby Seymour. Producing a bottle of "orange water," he announced it would reveal the murderer to him. A quantity of liquid was poured on each man's hand. Golsby Seymour was last, and the liquid on his palm slowly turned pink and then bright red. "Blood!" shouted the Special Agent. "The blood of the dead woman. You, Golsby Seymour, are the killer!" Trembling, the Apache begged out a confession that later convicted and sent him to prison for life. Even to-day he does not know that Street poured ordinary water on all the other Indians and a colorless chemical known, which turns red when it comes in contact with the ant on him.

## TIME OF DEATH . . .

"When did this person die?" traditionally demands the Forensic Scientist. When the corpse is fresh, the answer is not much of a problem to a medical examiner. However, when the body is discovered long after the deed is done and after it has been

subjected to wind and weather, a painstaking investigation is necessary. Not only what is left of the departed's anatomy, but clues found on, on or around it, and evidence of habits, shocks, friends and movements must be collected and sifted. Entomologists and climatologists may be called in to correlate climatic manufactured by putrefying bacteria with the life cycle of insects that have swarmed over the body. Again, climatologists may be set to study the composition, structure and texture of nearby rocks and earth, and perhaps determine not only the time but the place of death.

## POLYGRAPH FROM AND CONE . . .

Although the polygraph, or lie detector, has been in use in the United States for more than 30 years, and is being increasingly employed in attempts to separate truth from falsehood, controversy still rages as to its value. Its reliability has not been definitely proved because it records emotions, which are not at all and direct and capable of graphical representation as its supporters claim. The polygraph consists of four separate gauges to record changes (take under questioning) in breathing, blood pressure, pulse rate and sweating. It is not certain, however, that separate reactions to those conditions from a lie could not be produced by confusion, misunderstanding self-consciousness or anger.

We don't know if she's drawing on the case or whether that pace is for the benefit of our cameras. We can tell you, however, that she's 18-year-old Paula Dorsey, and very proud that she can win a wife in the open air. Her main ambition—or if you didn't know—is for a career in drawing.



# Time is my enemy

THERE IS A LIMIT TO WHAT A  
MAN CAN STAND AND GEORGE  
HAD JUST ABOUT REACHED IT

IRINA DICKMAN

FICTION

Cavalcade, October, 1952

GEORGE stood on the street corner, waiting for the evening to pass. It was early yet; he had scarcely finished his seductively eaten tea, and it was too early for the picture shows to be opened. Anyway, he didn't want to go to a picture show.

All he wanted was a drink, and he wanted a drink so much that he felt as if little animals were crawling all over his skin. His mouth, his stomach, every nerve in his body cried out for a drink.

He would have liked to go back to the hotel to write a letter to Lorna. "Darling," he would write, "darling, I haven't had a drink for a whole week."

But if he went back to the hotel while the bar was still open, and with the smell of liquor to make a temptation for him, it wouldn't be true any longer.

As he stood on the corner, a drunk came weaving his way past, swiffling of spirit and long exposed chest, his eyes red and blind with alcohol.

George forced himself to look, and to keep on looking. "You'll be like that one day, if you don't pull up now. If you get any lower, you won't be able to come up again. It's such a little thing—to hold out for a few hours without a drink. It will soon be all over, and you can go back to Lorna and the kids."

Of course, Lorna was right—women nearly are right about that sort of thing. And after young Bobby started screaming to his sleep because



he was afraid that his father was coming for him, it was time someone closed the door on him. Heaven knows, Lorna hadn't found it easy.

"Come back when you can do without it," she said.

Perhaps she would be proud of him, if she saw him standing there, every part of him crying out for a drink. But again, maybe she didn't care any more. Why should she? She was still young—plenty of fellows found her attractive; fellows who didn't get drunk and wore the kids.

Suddenly he shivered, and he realized that he was sweating. He had expected that, and he knew that in a few minutes he would get the shakes. That was the way it took you—you sweated and then you got the shakes, and then you sweated again.

One good stiff drink, maybe two, and your crying nerves would calm down, like a mowed field after a cyclone. And all those silly, niggly little pains that nearly drove you mad—the aches in your head and in your neck, the movement in your mouth—disappear as if by magic, with just one drink, maybe two.

But if you have that drink, you waste a whole week's fighting and agony. You get back to where you started. That's far, far away from Lorna and the kids, so you don't have a drink—perhaps.

Suddenly George knew that he couldn't face the evening alone any

# ALL CHANGE

Women, 'tis said, are less changeable than men. Unfortunately are not to the feminine taste. Well, that may be quite true here and there, now and then. But little of this in my own case I traced. I have long ceased to feel any sort of a shock. When an officer as chance my Suez can find, She changes her regions, her hat, and her frock. And by hook, she's a wizard at changing her mind!

more. If he was to see through without a drink, he must have help. All he wanted was to keep someone to talk to, someone who would understand, who could make him see that all this agony was worth while.

But the people who hurried past had no thought for George. Their lives were rushed, complex, why should they bother about an alcoholic?

"I'll stop someone—the next likely person," he thought. "I'll go and if I'm left alone. Go mad, or have a drink."

Two lovers came by, hand in hand, but in each other's eyes George hated them. Because they were so happy, so oblivious. Was it so much that he hated, that someone should care whether he lived or died?

The boys playing in the gutter cursed their wheels to mock warlike. One pointed a sheet piece of wood at his friend. "Bang, you're dead!" he cried, and the other boy fell in the road, his face heels turning the twinkling dust.

"My life is as real as their play,"

thought George. "I'm defeated by something intangible, something that has no reality. I build up my life and something comes, bang, you're dead," and I fell into the dust."

Then he saw the girl, walking towards him with slow steps, a shopping bag in her hand, her arms strong and golden-brown against the bright cotton of her sundress. He fell into step beside her; but she was so lost in thought that she started as he spoke.

"Look, man," he said, "you can call a cop if you like, but I swear this isn't an ordinary pushover. I've just got to have someone to talk to—just to have a cup of coffee with and talk to. We'll go into that cafe there, and you can walk out any time you like. I promise I won't follow you."

The girl turned and looked at him. George had the feeling that he was being summed up hurriedly, and possibly not entirely to his advantage.

Then suddenly she laughed. "I can always go with a cup of coffee," she said. "But let's go to the cafe round the corner. The coffee's better, and I'm going to get you to buy me some apple pie and ice cream."

They walked side by side in silence into the cafe. Neither of them spoke until they had been served with the coffee and apple pie.

"Okay," she said, "tell me what it's all about."

He talked, to his great surprise, with as much ease as if she were an old friend; all about Lorna and the kids, and how it feels to want a drink terribly, and not to have one, how sometimes it gets too big for you, and you have to get someone to help—just to listen, really.

All through this, the girl sat there, saying nothing, just listening, which was all he wanted. Finally he encouraged himself as a topic of conversation.

"You're turn now," he said. "What's your story?"

She hesitated. "I'm married," she said. She studied the tablecloth, drawing designs on it with her fork. "It didn't work out the first time. You see, I can sympathize with you, because I can't have to be close any longer, either."

She didn't raise her head, George suggested that her eyes would be filled with tears. For the first time for months, his heart was filled with pity for someone else. He was shocked to realize how long it had been since he had had any feeling for other people's troubles.

"That's tough," he murmured. "He'll come back—you see if he doesn't."

Her lips curved in a bitter smile. "You, he'll come back. He'll come to fetch his best girl. I was at the dry cleaners when he left, and it cost thirty-five minutes. I keep it longer up outside the wardrobe. I keep it every day, so that it won't get dirty. I like to keep it where I can see it when I'm in bed, because it reminds me that he'll come back, and I'll see him again, and maybe I can make him see that I can't go on living—" her voice trailed off.

George tried to think of comforting words, but before he could say them he got a bad attack of the shivers. He shook as much the girl looked at him with wide-eyed alarm.

"It's all right," he said. "Just keep on talking. Talk about anything."

"When I was a kid," she protested, "I lived on a property up North."

"That's right. Go on. Keep on talking." He was trying to keep his teeth from chattering.

"I had a pony. His name was Prince, and everybody thought he was such a pet because he was so small. But he used to turn right round and bite my feet while I was

pulling him or try to kick me off."

George clung on to the table cloth, and gradually the shivers became less and less, until he regained control of himself. He shook his head to get the preoccupation out of his eyes, and wiped a shaky grin.

"Sorry about that," he said. "Tell me more about the pony."

"You don't really want to hear, do you?" she asked.

"Certainly, I couldn't care less. Thanks for coming in though." He suddenly realized that he could go back to the hotel, because the bar and lounge would be closed. He had negotiated another day without a drink.

"Look," he said, "may I see you again, if things get too tough to handle alone? And if things get tough for you, you must get in touch with me. We'll sweat it out together."

"I'd like that," she said. "I'd like it very much."

He walked beside her, silent as before, as if everything that had to be said had been said. He carried her shopping bag, as they climbed the stairs to her flat.

As she opened the door and put on the light, he looked automatically towards the wardrobe, but there was no soft hanging there.

A muffled sound made him turn towards the girl. She had her finger hidden in the door panel, and her feet beat in a futile rhythm against the woodwork.

"It's gone, it's gone!" she cried. "He came and took it while I was out, and I never saw him!"

A tremendous blackness enveloped George, and when he spoke his voice seemed to come from far away, even from another world.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "Let's go and have a drink! Let's go out and get really drunk!"

# A WEIGHT OF GOLD

JOHN FORD • FICTION

"The water was only black in the shadowed patches near the pier. It slipped and washed against the wood as the launch pulled in till its nose was abeam of a bollard. Rogers cut the water and jumped from the cockpit.

He ran a line to the bollard and then looked along the sleeping wharf.

Jason came to him, a shadow which broke itself off from the darker glass of a window's shed. He carried a small box and handed it to Rogers.

Rogers nodded a greeting and lifted the box in his right hand.

"It feels O.K.," he said.

Jason grinned. "It should. It's the real stuff. Worth its weight in gold." He murmured, "That's funny, that."

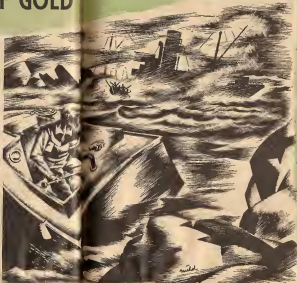
"I'll bet more like laughing when we've got the money for it," said Rogers. "This is a risky game. The Government takes a very dim view of gold smuggling."

"The Government takes a dim view of lots of things," said Jason, "but it hasn't stopped us before now."

"Maybe," said Rogers. "Anyway, I'd better start. I'll get in touch with you later. Give me a hand to shove off."

He dropped on board and into the cockpit. He pressed a button and the motor roared and started and then dropped its voice to a quiet purr as he throttled back. He jerked his head at Jason, who fumbled with the rope and threw it on deck. Rogers waved and spun the wheel. The launch tilted its stern at the wharf and switched

Then started the third, third that meant the quick breakup of the ship.



SMUGGLING GOLD OUT OF THE COUNTRY IS A RISKY BUSINESS—ESPECIALLY

YOUR PARTNER IS A TRICKSTER ADDICTED TO THE DOUBLE CROSS

A grinner we know tells of a young deckman he recently met on who, at college, had been a champion runner. When detailed to round up some sheep one day, the boy declined the honor offered him and insisted on doing it on foot. That evening he returned to the barnyard and reported, "I seen tonight the sheep, but these larks led me a merry dance all day. Got them in the end, though." Puzzled for he had no larks in the flock, the grinner accompanied him out to the yard. "Show me those larks," he ordered. "There they are, over there," and the grinner, pointing. The grinner looked over and saw, among the sheep, a dejected and utterly exhausted group of rabbits.

Montgomery was sitting at a small desk, a lamp glowing light on to his long thin hands, strangely white for a sailor. He fiddled with a paper-knife, dropped it to the desk, nodded, but made no move to get up.

"Ah," he said, "you've come like the vice man, bringing sickness."

"Sort of," answered Rogers, grinning as he dropped the box on the desk.

"There it is," he said, "four hundred tiny rashes of it. Legal gives a bit better than sea lice. To you—twelve thousand."

Montgomery nodded, silent.

"How much do you expect to get for it in Singapore?" asked Rogers.

"They pay ninety pounds in cash without a margin."

Rogers nodded, eyebrows raised and lips puckered in a searching whistle.

"How about Customs up there? Won't they search the ship?" he queried.

Montgomery got up from the desk and peered out of a porthole as he shook his head.

"They won't present any worries. Customs are supposed to be above this sort of thing."

"Well, you must be doing all right to be able to cough up money like this," said Rogers, "and speaking of such a pleasant subject, would you mind heading over. In beginning to whip up outside, and my presence not quite so large as yours."

Montgomery looked at Rogers from under half-closed lids. "As a matter of fact, Rogers, I haven't got the money."

Rogers jerked upright from the doze he had been supporting.

"You haven't? What d'you mean? Aren't you taking the gold?"

Montgomery half-smiled. "Oh, yes, I'm taking the gold, but I'm not giving you the money."

Rogers sucked in a deep breath and

laughed heartily but a little uneasily.

"What sort of stuff is this you're talking? If you haven't got the money, you don't get the gold!"

Montgomery pressed a wall beside Post slumped along the passage and the door opened. Rogers turned, to be confronted in a tangle of arms and legs as three sailors grappled and turned him against the wall. Two placed his arms, then Montgomery restrained the third sailor as he could view Rogers.

Rogers stared at the man standing by the desk.

"What the hell is this, Montgomery?" he shouted. "You arranged to pay. You can't get away with this for any time. You've got to come back sooner or later. What have you to pay? Why didn't you cut out the strong arm caper and head over the money. Either that or give the gold back and let me get to hell out of it! There's a blasted storm cooking up!"

Montgomery smiled. "Yes, I know. It wouldn't be better, in fact. Originally I meant to have you attended to, along with your launch, leaving no traces. Your partner would certainly you had cleared out with the money. Now I'll have you attended to, help your launch and let the tide take you where. It will be a sad, but commonplace lunch wreck as a sea is little rough for a small craft."

Rogers went white as he realized Montgomery meant it.

"Do you think my partner will fall for that? How will you like the absence of the money?"

"A paper packet, torn, with a small sum still inside it, will convince your partner that the rest of the six thousand was washed away in the wreck," answered Montgomery.

Rogers stared at him, among the implacable, coldness face with the sneering gleam of a mouth. He lunged at Montgomery and was headed back

into the deep, enveloping blackness.

He headed downstream, keeping out from the line of derelict wharves and the ships doing at them, and probably making for the channel between the two boatworks which was the entrance to the harbor. The launch began to slip its bows and back its stern, spray flew in his face, and he clamped tight the glass wind-shield and settled at the wheel.

He moved into the channel proper, where the waves rolling in bay and deep and duck. He pushed the throttle further and the water leaped its monster and pushed the bow harder into the wall.

He passed the signal station, a starboard. With his lights downed, he gambled on passing unnoticed.

He cleared the boatworks and altered course so that he was running parallel to the coast. The launch rolled heavily, usually. He altered course slightly and the roll ceased. He steered through the glass but could see nothing. He opened the motor up still further and splashed his bow to steady himself.

Then he saw the light.

It was a long way off, out to sea, merely a twinkling that vanished as he looked. But it was real enough,

and he altered course. The sea was getting up. He heaved under his breath, unconsciously muting his curses, although he was alone on a barge at sea.

Like a sudden sheet on the night the big laughter roared over the launch. Rogers started at the realization of the appearance and ran the launch in a wide circle that took him well clear of the huge floating barge and in on the lee of the ship. He stopped the motor and let the launch drift in. The ship was blocked out.

He peered up at the red and called. A second later a peak-topped shadow came to the side and a rope ladder tumbled down to him. A man came piked down and after dropping to the launch deck motioned Rogers to the ladder. He felt for the small box, and with one hand clambered seawardly up.

He climbed for the rail and hard hands grabbed him and plumped him on his feet. Another man materialized and Rogers followed him along an outside deck, up a wet slippery iron ladder and down a passage to a cabin on the bridge. The man bowed, a voice answered and Rogers pushed open the door and stepped in.

by the victim. The third average leaped against him to another his struggles.

Hogers used his knee.

The man fell, hands ripping his groin, and screamed till the color rang with the name.

Hogers picked an arm half free and rammied his elbow in the face of the sailor as his right. The sailor howled and pressed his hands to his pulped top lip.

Montgomery jumped in to help, and Rogers swung a heavy boot. It caught Montgomery on the kneejoint. The other sailor ran for the door and Rogers took his wrist in his stomach. The sailor jerked back with a soft grunt.

Rogers turned towards the deck. He grabbed for the bar at the main mast as Montgomery. They were wrestling, pointing, lurching out at each other. Rogers had only half a grip on it, so he heard more sailors running along the passageway.

He ran to the door without his hat. Before appearing around a bend, and he ran the other way.

Another sailor gray out of the darkness as he tumbled down the sleeping range. Rogers yelled and swung the foot again. The sailor fell back whimpering.

Rogers jumped over him and ran for the rail.

He tumbled down the ropes, the white face of the sailor staring up at him as he let go and dropped feet first. The water eddied, and they rolled into the cockpit, starting, gasping, punching. The sailor thudded a flat into Rogers's face and made him see stars. Rogers fell back. As he did so, the sailor grabbed a handful of his coat collar and heeled him to his feet. Rogers sagged, and the sailor drew back his fist for a Sunday punch. The launch clumped against the ship's side and he staggered.

Rogers pushed him over the side

The sailor popped up like a cork and grasped the launch gunwale.

Hogers clutched the heel of a boot down on the fingers gleaming white in the gloom. He felt them crush and flatten.

There was blood on the wood as the sailor turned and floozled to the rope ladder.

Rogers ran a hand across his bloodied face and snatched the self-starter switch. He gunned the motor and turned the launch away from the ship.

Back in the cabin, Montgomery pushed his way through the group of sailors and leaped to the wheelhouse.

Montgomery shoved the engine room telegraph to half-speed. Then he turned and ordered the seaman from the wheel.

"Give me that I want to take care of something personally!"

The seaman looked at him in astonishment.

"You're going to steer yourself, sir?"

"You, yes," snapped Montgomery. The ship began to thud and tremble as the screws bit harder. Montgomery turned her in the direction of the launch.

The men had got up. The sailors were silent, staring. They clustered over the freighter's bow and flooded along the deck. Slowly Montgomery edged her round, till the ship was running before the quarter gale and headed towards the harbor mouth down coast. He rang for twenty-quarter speed. The seaman looked unsteady through the port, then ahead, then looked sideways at the captain.

"We're only about a quarter-mile from the Oyster Bank, sir."

Montgomery smiled and looked quickly at him, then turned back to the wheel.

"Don't worry, friend. I'll catch up with my colleagues long before that."

Rogers did not look back after he had thrown a curve at the ship. The launch was rolling on her beam as



AND BEHOLD THE MONUMENT

# THE BIG BULGE

Laugh and grow fat—  
They tell us that  
So what are you at,  
O salmon? Put?  
That we can tell  
If you laugh like Hell,  
It's—well,  
It's well!

—WEASEL

he noted her across the swell and strengthened up, with the seas piling up one after another under her stern.

He looked up at the sky, and shuddered at the sea. He could see nothing but the heavy breakers of the sea and the white foam of the surf. Once inside them he would be safe.

A roller lifted the boat high, high, and dived at another down the trough. He yanked at the wheel, and as he did he looked over his shoulder.

Out of the dark the ship was coming, bearing down at a monstrous speed. He saw his life gone suddenly dry.

He peered ahead. Lying like a slender dagger on the water was a dark line of rocks and blocks of cement which he knew was the southern breakwater. He was closer than he had meant to go. The Oyster Bank was near.

He cursed. "You can't follow me much closer, smart boy. Another two hundred yards, and you'll have to go ahead!"

He stared as he realized the ship

was still plunging down cruelly.

"That?" he whispered, "That?"

The freighter struck. He suddenly felt Rogers—nothing what was to come—again. The ship shuddered and heaved. The stars swung around till the hull was horizontally on its beam. A succession of waves pushed her further up to the bank. Then started the third, third, third that meant the quick breakage of the ship.

He got into calmer water in the lee of the wreck. She was still some distance away, but her bulk rearing into the air created a windbreak.

Men were sliding down decks into half-masted lifeboats. On the bridge he could see Montgomery—old now in uniform and sea-blue—shouting and gesturing wildly.

Most of the boats were launched. As Rogers watched, he saw Montgomery run from the bridge with something under one arm. It was the box.

Rogers watched hungrily as the captain thrust it into an inside pocket and returned to his cabin.

Montgomery clamped across the life-angled deck. He stopped to-wards a rope ladder flopping over the side. He fumbled his way down several rungs, then waited. On the water was a lifeboat surrounded with men, two of them holding it off from the ship.

The lifeboat swung out. Montgomery waited for it to swing in. It started to swing in and he jumped. He missed.

Rogers stared at the spot. There was nothing to mark the place where a man had died.

A bunch of excited chatter was hung to him on the wind.

"... those watercoats and oilskins don't give him a chance!"

"Neither do! Two hundred toy ounces," whispered Rogers







# BOTTLED BLUES

FROTH BLOWN BY  
—GIBSON

The lost beautiful bottle! More  
precious than pearls or rubies...  
Ah, sweet nectar! . . .

All the week you dream about it . . .

You cherish and protect it . . .



With a will of iron you withstand  
all temptation . . .

gone!!!! . . .



than at last! . . . the day is a  
scooter . . . you have never the  
town . . . the moment of consumma-  
tion is at hand . . . it reposes in ice  
. . . it is cold perfection . . . it is . . .

Yes . . . the little woman gave it to  
Aunt Florella to raffle for some  
benefit . . . and to make matters  
worse, you find that it was won by  
the guy next door who is a strict  
teetotaler.



# STRANGER and Stranger



## FACETIOUS FLUCKING

Charles E. Davis, a 75-year-old retired operator of New York, has the odd hobby of collecting horns from elephants' tails. Since 1898 he has obtained specimens from more than 50 per cent of all the elephants in the United States. Up to a foot in length, they are either black or brown and look like piano wire. Mr. Davis files each trophy in a telephone envelope, with full information as to how it was procured. Generally he collects them himself on zoo visits. "I just take hold and pull," he says. "Sometimes the animals object, but they're not much they can do about it. They cannot see what I'm up to, because elephants can't turn their heads to look behind." Hearing of the Davis collection, a missionary in the Belgian Congo recently sent him an elephant-horn bracelet. These are highly prized among the natives, but caution forbids anybody to wear one unless he has killed an elephant with his own hands.

## ANTIQUÉ FINGERPRINTS

Thirty huge oil jars were discovered as what had been the basement of a house during archaeological excavations at Mycenae, Greece, in 1899. Although they were calculated to be 3000 years old, the fingerprints of the men who had sealed them with clay were still distinct on them.

## CANINE COCKTAILS

Even a mongrel dog, it has been

documented by researchers at the University of Georgia, takes on Dutch courage under the influence of liquor. In a letter of four Balkanisms, a belligerent female had assumed control. One timid and reticentive male pup eventually came out in the rush of feeding time. However, when he was previously doused with a quantity of diluted aquaviva to a single nip of whisky for a noon, the tables were turned. He strutted around like a general, accidentally shouldered his way through to the plate and disdainfully ignored the futile propensities of the temporarily deposed female droop.

## HAGGIS HISTORY

Haggis, the native national dish of Scotch everywhere, is really of Greek origin. Aristophanes referred to it in "The Clouds" as old H.C. He called it "helle pelotaria," but from the description it was quite evidently haggis. Louis Henry IV of France introduced it into his court under the name of "hachis." It is spread through France, particularly in the army. From captured military stores, the English learned its preparation and took it home. It was not until the 15th century that the Scots decided to adapt it as their own. Haggis is generally made of the heart, lungs and liver of a sheep, mixed with oat, onion, oatmeal, salt and pepper, and baked in a bag, usually the stomach of a sheep.



"Mine was a sort of rag- & bone story that never quite came off."



## THE THEME IS TWINS

If you were walking along Hollywood Boulevard and spied this duplicate crowd, you would not be seeing double. No, lucky fellow, you would be gazing at the red-haired, brown-eyed Dumonde Twins. Of French and Spanish descent, but born and raised in Hollywood, Norma and Alma (don't ask us which is which) both stand exactly five feet eight inches tall and weigh seven stone five pounds . . . also, to coin a phrase, even their mother can't tell them apart.

THE THEME IS TWINS

Here Norma, or is it Alma, shows sister a new type of perfume bottle. Collecting perfume is a hobby of the twins. Usually it is a hobby, we'd prefer to collect twins (if they are the same old, Dumonde variety). In case you're interested (and it is a little), Norma is 12 minutes older than Alma. What a coincidence how their respective boy friends can be sure they're seeing the right Dumonde.





The best known twin team in Hollywood, Normie and Aimee share the housework, when they're not working, which is not often. Our reaction is that we wouldn't mind either one of them doing us off two if she felt inclined. As well as being topless models by day, they are a lovely night-after dance act in smart night clubs. They were given their first chance by the late Earl Carroll, famed by his slogan: "Through these Portals Pass the Most Beautiful Girls in the World."

54 CAVALCADE, October, 1952

## pointers to BETTER HEALTH

### MEAT FOR MOTHERS

Healthier babies have been recently produced following an increased protein intake by their mothers during pregnancy. Obstetricians at the University of Chicago selected more than 600 expectant mothers and placed them on different diets in which varying amounts of meat were included. It was found that the more meat the mothers ate (that is, the greater their protein intake), the healthier were their babies.

### STOPPING THE SHAKES

Trembling, nervousness, "butterflies in the stomach," and other results of an acute bout of intoxication (B.T.'s as we call it, or psychomotor agitation if you like medical terms) can be relieved in a short time by a new drug called Disoriprone recently developed in the United States. Known as a relaxing drug and considered in getting underway, it has been proved to be far more efficacious and quick acting than the barbiturates sleeping pills previously used, which took about 30 hours to effect a patient's recovery.

### GUARD AGAINST GLAUCOMA

One of the leading causes of adult blindness is the eye disease called glaucoma. Strangely, however, in most cases the sight of the people afflicted can be saved if proper treatment is started early. The snag is that few know when they have glau-

coma. Telltale signs of its onset are frequent changing of glasses without satisfaction, inability to adjust eyes to the dark of theatres, loss of side vision, blurred or foggy sight, and rainbow rings around eyes. Although these may be caused by other, less serious eye defects, their presence should mean a visit to the doctor for early treatment.

### TAPEWORM TROUBLE

Doctors of Tulane University, New Orleans, have discovered a new and efficient method of treating patients infested with tapeworms. It involves the use of atabrine—the skin-yellowing, anti-malaria drug used extensively in World War II. They report 100 per cent success with it after one or two treatments.

### TAKING TOBACCO

The practice of smoking or tobacco has long been cited as a potent argument against smoking. An Argentine scientist, Mariano Severi, has now come up with a method of eliminating the nicotine and making tobacco safe. The process is a long one. First it involves soaking the tobacco for ten days in boiled water that is renewed every 24 hours. Then it is soaked for another 24 hours in an infusion of ordinary tea. The resulting tobacco, when dried, is said to be practically free from nicotine and to have lost some of its original quality.

CAVALCADE, October, 1952 55



## SHAPED FOR SPORT

Can you explain the reasons for the successes

specializing in different sports by different nations?

HAVE you ever noticed that footballers seem to excel at certain sports while their national representatives win consistently over the years?

In the track and field department, the most diversified highlander is no doubt aware that the whole race for the past half century has been lucky to watch runner platings in sprints and hurdles events of international standard. The American runner monopoly of these items—and the high jump and broad jump—has made the second look read like a *Marlowe's Who's Who*. That is equally true of the boxing situation.

An examination of the records of 50 years of middle distance running throws the spotlight on to Great Britain and her procession of mighty miles and half-miles. The French and the Swedes have excelled over

the longer distances and at the javelin throw Germany, Hungary and the Central European countries have produced outstanding muscle-men for the hammer throw and weight lifting events. The little brown men from Japan have won out swimming supremacy from the Americans during the past score of years, while their triple and long jumpers appear to be on the game to stay. France, Italy and Hungary share honors in fencing.

A survey of international team games divulges the influence of India's and Pakistan's ability at field hockey. There is not a country in the world whose international superiority at a chosen sport can match the mastery of the current stick game.

Perhaps you say to yourself—"Oh, they just happen to have been trained

in those particular sports." That could be true—could be—but have you noticed that there is a similarity in build among most champions and record holders in particular sports?

Note that we said "most." There is always the occasional character who is definitely the wrong shape for the task, but who settles down to an orgy of record breaking and embourgeoisement of theorists.

Of course, the research on body build was conducted by American scientists. Frame mover was Professor T. M. Carter—probably the most outstanding physical scientist in the world to-day. Hundreds of photographs of past and present champions were studied, and special tests and measurements were applied to hundreds of world-ranking sportsmen.

It was discovered that top-class high jumpers and pole vaulters generally have relatively longer than average lower legs, that is, from the knee down. They also have greater overall leg length in relation to body.

The weight event champions, such as hammer throwers and shot putters, are of course powerfully built men, but they also have unusually long upper arms.

Weight lifters and wrestlers and many other divers are all in the one physical group. They usually have relatively short limbs compared with the length of trunk—or body. They are the stocky types.

Top rank swimmers are naturally footed, and they have unusual flexibility—particularly in the ankles and the spine. They can arch the back easily. Swimmers also have greater than average chest capacity. The type has a deep broad chest, broad shoulders, narrow hips and straight rather than bow legs. There is often a tendency towards knock-knees.

Australian pentathlon representa-

tives and University lecturer in physiology, Forbes Corliss, is a keen sportsman as well as a scientist. He wrote, concerning the build of a swimming champion:

"To start with, the swimmer will generally strike me as being heavy for his height. The swimmer looks thin sometimes (the pure sprinter) and the great majority of champion swimmers are poles apart in physical appearance. One needs no expert knowledge to distinguish the lean, greyhound-like runner, the tall, man-cube rower, the compact, heavily-muscled weight lifter or the sound, sturdy body of the swimmer."

The typical, record-breaking sprinter is a well-muscled man built on the little pattern, with longer legs. Jesse Owens was a perfect example of the type. Peoples of all nations have their individual physical characteristics. That is the first probable clue to the query of a nation's consistent production of champions of a specified sport. They are built for it. Environment and heredity conditions also play important parts.

India is not noted for any specific success of grass-roots playing fields. Football, darts, level tennis are the sports across of the Indian youngsters. Immediately the number of their possible outdoor games is reduced. Cricket and hockey can be played and are played almost to the complete exclusion of other European sports. Hockey, less expensive than the cricket game, has more players.

Many theories have been advanced for the greatest supremacy at the dashes and the jumps. Tolson, Owens, Dillard, Earl, Stanford—there are dozens of them. Most of the theories are fraternally weak only in terms of physiology. They mention hand preferences and muscular adaptation. Maybe they are correct, but we follow the school which attributes

physics the negroes' amazing ability to relax naturally. He wastes none of his energy.

Hardly the hereditary factor can also be applied to the dark man. None can deny that it is really not so long since he trod the jungle trails of his native Africa. In those days his life often depended upon his agility and speed. He has inherited the big body build of his ancestors.

The process of the boxing field is obviously prompted by both economic and sociological reasons. If he is a success he makes a lot of dollars in a short time, and with them comes prestige and removal of the hated colour discrimination. It is one activity to which he has been openly invited. There are very few such activities in America, in the boxing ring he defends the white man with much of the ability that gives him success on the gladiol track.

The reason for the success of Central Europeans in weight events, we find in their natural way of life. The German and Hungarian education systems provided for many hours of mass exercises. Strenuous movements were performed in unison by large groups. The individual remained static.

The natural consequence was the development of heavy muscles and great strength at the expense of agility. Hence sprinters and jumpers are not expected from these countries, but their representatives come in the long when the task is to handle large portions of heavy metal.

The Japs' success in the water is largely the result of their remarkable flexibility, but the Japanese penchant for adopting and imitating the ideas of other people has paid off in the swimming pool. They started developing a national swimming style during the late Twenties. The Japanese crawl was evolved, and

the U.S.A. were relieved of world swimming leadership from 1928 onwards.

The Nips have performed well in the leg, step and jump and bound jump events, mainly because of the surprising power of their legs. Most logical explanation for such unexpected strength is the Japanese habit of squatting rather than sitting. It is a conscious posture from childhood through adulthood. Allied to this knee-straddling habit is the prevalence of bicycles in the Japanese islands—further evidence for the leg.

Swedishmen success in the distance races provides no surprise for the traveller who knows his Sweden, Norway and Finland, particularly the latter country. Narva and Kibala, the two most famous Finns, would rather run than walk.

In fact, running is an old Finnish custom. In the absence of trains, trams and buses, your Finnish male citizen does his journey on snow shoes or at a jog-trot on ice-hardened roads. Children and land are incommensurably easy throughout other Finnish highways. Squares and parks are also common places in Finland. They are hunting and fishing weapons.

As an American coach, Dean Cresswell has propounded a theory for British ability at the mile and the half-mile. He wrote—

"We find that mental factors than physical ones characteristics have played an important part in the British success. Middle distance runners, as the race suggests requires neither the natural speed of the sprinter nor the inherent staying power of the long distance man.

"Hence no natural physical qualifications are needed other than a sound body, it is a branch of running in which practically everyone starts from scratch. Consequently,

those who excel do so, not because of physical reasons, but because they are equipped with greater determination and doggedness than their opponents.

"The Englishman has shown these qualities in his political theory, and the same characteristics that have built the British Empire make John Bull's name hard to beat in events that put a premium on strong-willed determination."

Italy's and France's showing of the apex and tail feature however amazes nobody. The weapons are part of the tradition of both countries. They

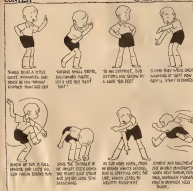
were developed there, and their thrusting and parrying has made parts of Italian and French history.

Hungary's success with the epee owes much to a similar circumstance. The heavier slashing sabre is a Hungarian weapon, and its proper manipulation for centuries has been an important subject of Hungarian military training.

And the males not noted the physical abilities of their wives, the military force have most severely would have substituted another weapon.

## CONTEST

By GUYAN WILLIAMS





# CONSCIENCE was the KILLER

Tormented with a killing mania, his conscience decreed he shoot himself.

THE man who rode down the lanes at Monterey, wide open, to Mexican bullets, was obviously fearless. Upropping his troops as he was an inviting target for the enemy—yet while men around him fell, he stayed alive. Instantly challenging Death, he at last threw up his arms in a hopeless, frustrated posture.

"God, can't you bullet hit me?" he exclaimed passionately.

And then there were men who knew that this man did know fear . . . not the sudden-willed fear of drugs, but the haunting, lingering fear of being. The welcoming hand he held towards Montana had been bruised and

He must have been an unhappy man, although on the face of it he had no reason for gloom—except, perhaps, for the man he had killed in duels. But even in his youth, before his first vicious bullet had taken a man's life, he was unpredictable and depressed.

His name was Alexander McClung, born in the State of Kentucky, where he should follow his great hobby without suffering fatal con-

fusion that should follow a killing. Possessing all the attributes of nobility, he was tall, handsome, dignified and intellectual. He might, in other days, have become a Grand Duke knight. Perhaps that was the way he pictured himself, for it is fact that the majority of the duels he fought were staged by the wife to avenge a slight to a lady.

Yet, as often as not, the duels had passed unmarked by the lady and those around her—had, in fact, not been intended by the man who would later die at McClung's hand.

In spite of his distorted sense of duty, the man was an sentimentalist. In his whole life he did not know a solitary love affair.

Strangely, in his dueling career, he was never—technically—the aggressor. It was his habit to provoke the other until, tired with rage or conscious of his weakness, the man chosen for death spoke the challenge.

There was reason in this as the challenged, McClung had choice of weapons, and in the use of the pistol he was unsurpassed. He was hit only once—during his first duel in 1828, when he was but 17 years of age.

A year later, he killed a man named Marshall, a close relation of his mother. The smell of blood was in his nostrils and the urge to kill was in his heart. So, profitously, he chose to maintain a feud with seven members of the name Mississippi family—all of them established pistol shots and officers of the Virginia Rifles.

The first sister of this family was John Monroe—a laughing young man who in spite of his youth was no novice at dueling. Indeed, Monroe and his party arrived at the ground in the same spirit as they would have attended a hunt. They knew little of McClung except that he was from Kentucky, was extremely popular

with the ladies and that even those men closest to him often watched him with strained, half-fearful eyes.

Monroe had only a vague idea why he had called McClung out. The evening before, the Montroses had sat his muscades and, almost without knowing it, the affair had ended by an agreement that there should be pistols—and coffee—for two at dawn. The ordering of coffee was an ironic McClung touch, for he knew but one man would drink it.

Monroe arrived supremely confident and with the prearrangement over, the men stepped out the paces. Monroe turned, and in the light across before he fired, most have noticed that McClung was still drawing on his pipe.

The shot from John Monroe missed. McClung, throwing aside his pipe, walked slowly towards him, raised his pistol at short range and fired. The spectators, silent, saw McClung look at the dead man momentarily, walk over to his second, and accept his cup of coffee.

Franklyn, eldest of the Montroses, attempted to draw McClung into another duel on the spot. The Kentuckian, however, noted slowly to dueling etiquette and insisted that Franklyn's second arrange details with his own men. Then, easily pallid as his pipe, he declared for the wisdom of wiping out the Monroe family.

McClung got drunk . . . completely, morbidly drunk . . . that night. He sat alone, speaking only to consider his drink. His head shook as he lifted his glass, as that the Monroe relations gained hope for the following day's outcome. McClung continued to drink till dawn, put his head as it lifted his pistol, was steady, and his aim was true.

Franklyn Monroe died with a bullet between his eyes.

That night, neither duel was arranged—and the following morning another Mexican died. Within a week, the whole family had been wiped out.

But seven quick deaths did not satisfy McClung's distorted sense of honour. At a State ball at Merimapp's capital one night, a young man particularly annoyed a lady belonging to a distinguished family. Before McClung could act, another guest named Albino—later to become State Governor—pushed the offender from the house.

For no other reason than that he had been threatened of his self-imposed mission to avenge the honour of Merimapp's fair sex, McClung immediately attempted to provoke a challenge from Albino. Like another common American against whom the Revolution later took umbrage, Albino kept his temper and, available, his life.

A few months later McClung, men of shewily, attended an acquaintance at a dance duel. A man well and peacefully versed in duelling etiquette, he was somewhat put out when a youth named Allen walked on to the ground reserved for the principals. He rebuked the youth sharply, and the latter responded with some heat.

It was a strange, almost impalpable, side-light to their brief encounter of words that McClung did not attempt to follow up the quarrel. Allen, however, was of a different constitution and time upon he affronted the Revolution in a manner which, with any other man, would have brought immediate and fatal consequences.

It was as though McClung had recognized in the slight, highly-strung youth his Nemesis. Finally, Allen forced the duel by slapping McClung on the face.

The Revolution fixed strange terms, pistols at 50 paces—a distance that

made a fatal wound inevitable and a hit more unlikely.

Allen fired first and, of course, missed. McClung had not even lifted his pistol, but the other continued to walk towards him, intent on a second shot.

McClung's usually inscrutable features took on an indomitable set-ness. Then, he shot Allen dead.

The next duel he had tried to avoid hung heavily on his conscience. After early attempts to explain the circumstances and his regret at being forced into the deed, he never spoke of Allen again.

A few months later, he tried to force combat on his commanding officer—a man known to history as Jefferson Davis. Davis, then leading his troops in the war against Mexico, stubbornly refused to issue a challenge or to be provoked into duelling. McClung, drinking heavily now, threw out his challenge to Mexican buffets and his plea to Davy.

"God, you'll say bullet hit me!"

Nine did—then.

He bought other duels, and inevitably drank coffee alone. He grew more and more depressed, more and more ready to take offence, and to one night offered when none was meant. To ladies, he substituted his great courtesy to friends he was considerate and loyal.

But . . . since the Allen duel, he had kept few of his friends.

Then, one day in an hotel room, he poured a glass of water on the floor. That was to ensure that when his blood flowed, it would not run towards his chest.

He ordered coffee for two—but he knew that he would not be the hand that lifted a cup.

McClung reached for the duelling pistol that had taken 24 lives; He lifted it to his head and blew out his brains.



"If you're dressed to go out, so am I."



# Where space is a problem



There is always a keen demand for small house plans of the two bedroom size.

CAVALCADE suggests the accompanying plan in which there is a minimum of floor space and not one square inch has been wasted.

Entrance is across a flagged, hooded terrace which gives protection to the front door. One large living room serves for both lounge and dining room with direct access from the dining room end to the kitchen.

The two bedrooms are placed to enjoy the outlook and are both convenient to the modern bathroom. A sufficiency of built-in cupboards and wardrobes is a feature of this layout.

The minimum width of land necessary to accommodate this house is 52 ft. or 40 ft. if it is turned sideways. The overall area is 1,100 square feet.

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 78)

Prepared by  
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.





## Skeleton Queen

For his queen and Pedro chose the only woman he had ever loved—although she had been considering in her grave for years

IT was a fantastic procession—that day in 1483, when the mad King of Portugal made a skeleton his Queen.

Along the 14-mile route from the small city of Coimbra to Lisbon, Portugal's capital, thousands of people-beaten stood shoulder to shoulder as two solid lines on opposite sides of the dusty road.

Slowly, in utter silence—except all had been forbidden to speak under penalty of death—the massive procession moved along the barren landscape as it were the ruler of Portugal—bishops, abbots, nobles, ladies of honor—every one clad in gaudy ceremonial costumes.

For this, in the tortured, distorted mind of the King who had con-

ceived it, was a day of celebration—the coronation of a Queen he refused to admit was dead.

High above the mobsters, lighted on a dead woman on the shoulders of a man of slaves, seated on an ornate throne, was the skeleton of the dead woman.

The skeleton was clad in ornate robes that glittered with jewels. Only the hands, spread, colored, and still very visible. The hands lay rapidly—differing with color—as the moved and held arms of the great star. Along the skull, magnificently caulked for the occasion, lay a wealth of hair, golden hair that was still gloriously beautiful despite the years in the damp earth.

Between Lisbon, the procession pro-

ceeded through the main streets of the city, to give the populace a glimpse of their new Queen.

Slowly the dead approached the Cathedral, entered through the wide-open doors. There, with the full pomp and ceremony of the Church, the skeleton was crowned Queen Jane of Portugal.

Following the coronation, all persons of sufficient rank to merit the honors passed before "Queen Jane" in single file. In turn, they knelt and kissed the skeleton and proffered hand.

Though the skeleton, following the coronation, was placed in a magnificent mausoleum in the royal abbey of Alcobaca—burial place of the ruling house of Portugal—it was the only coronation the mad King made to reality.

Each day he visited the tomb. The King talked to the skeleton as though it were alive, listened attentively, and nodded or shook his head from time to time. He made no denial of importance without first consulting his dead Queen.

Throughout the remainder of his life, the mad King never remarried. He was faithful to Queen Jane to the end, visiting her each day and continuing to listen upon her every breath for a living queen. At his death, he was buried as he had once wanted, at her feet.

There was no stranger or greater love story than the tragic romance of Crown Prince Pedro of Portugal, and Inez de Castro, his "beautiful one." Though maudlin, it is one of the world's greatest romances.

In 1401, Alphonse the Good ruled as King of Portugal. To further cement his alliance, in that year he married his 14-year-old son Pedro to Princess Constance of Aragon. Neither ever set eyes upon the other until Constance, with her train of

servants and ladies of honor, arrived in Lisbon for the royal wedding.

One of Constance's noble ladies was her own cousin, Inez de Castro, daughter of a rich and powerful family. Inez was a girl of great beauty, with long, golden hair, eyes of clearest azure, a perfect complexion, and a slim, graceful figure.

Inez was far more beautiful than Constance, and Pedro was fated to fall in love with her—and she with him. Being both of high social birth, they refused to be unfaithful to Constance, but comforted themselves with a glance, a touch of the hand, a word of tenderness. Nevertheless, they failed to hide their infatuation for each other. With a woman's intuition, Constance soon realized that Pedro and Inez were in love, and she warned her unsuccessfully.

King Alphonse also noticed the signs of affairs. When Constance became pregnant, he thought of a stratagem that would effectively prevent Inez, at least, from ever giving way to her passion for Pedro.

That was to get Inez to consent to serve as godmother to Constance's expected child. If Inez would only do this, religious and common-sense scruples would bar her from permitting the father of her own girl-child to make love to her. The King noted Inez as she would be godmother to Constance's first-born, and the "beautiful one" acquiesced.

Then Fate completely changed the situation. Constance died in giving birth to a son, Ferdinand, who would ultimately mount the throne after the death of Pedro, provided that Pedro himself lived to be King. Inez, as the Church was concerned, Pedro was now free to marry his beloved Inez.

Pedro knew that King Alphonse would oppose any marriage to Inez, since the King wanted a wife with

THE famous statue of Christ, high on the Andes on the border of Chile and Argentina, nearly precipitated an open conflict between the two countries when it was first created. The Chileans were angry that, as it stood, the Savior's head was toward them. Possible sources of controversy were averted by a quick-witted Santiago newspaper editor. The statue, he surmised, was undoubtedly that the Argentines needed more watching over

than his state were of only a few hours, and many of the vultures were clandestine, in order to avoid annoying his father.

Now born Pedro three sons and a daughter. Gradually the rumor spread that she and Pedro were not living in adultery, but were actually married. In the meantime a new King had succeeded the throne of Castile—a man who by a chance coincidence was named Pedro-Pedro the Cruel. Political refugees from Castile began returning into Portugal, among them several brothers of Juan de Castro.

These sisters charmed Alfonso: Court politics whirled in him that the Castiles were plotting to kill Ferdinand, the son of Constance had borne Pedro, in order that one of these sister's sons might ultimately rule as King of Portugal.

The King's spies observed him that he must die. With her out of the way, the threat of the Castiles to Ferdinand's life would be removed, while Pedro—deprived of the woman with whom he was so deeply infatuated—might very likely agree to a marriage of the King's choice.

According to a chronicler of the time, Ferrnand Lopez, Alfonso hesitated for a long time. Finally, on a day when he knew that Pedro would not be at Coimbra, he rode to the castle with the three principal plotters.

Here was in the garden when they arrived. She knew without being told why they had come.

But Alfonso, at the sight of the "beautiful one," was stricken with an acute attack of conscience. He refused to give the command for the execution, but instead played stonily with their children. "After a long interval he mounted his horse and rode away without giving any order to the three soldiers," Lopez narrates.

With first out of sight, however, he changed his mind. Whether or not the nobles agreed with him, history does not record. But, in any event, the three soldiers soon returned to the castle. The King was not with them that time.

"Here was in the garden when they returned," the chronicler relates. "She had thought that the danger was gone when the sound of the King's avoidance died away. . . . As she stood she heard the beat of horses' hoofs. But the horses were not Pedro's. . . ."

There beside the Fountain of Lame Pedro had bled to her, the three noble women bent him to death with clubs.

After the murder of his beloved, Pedro's character completely changed. He started a rebellion against his father, and eventually had waste the countryside, destroying villages and cities and slaughtering indiscriminately.

History was to record him as "Pedro the Cruel."

Finally, at the pleading of his mother, he agreed to enter the religion if the three assassins were beheaded to Castile. When his father agreed, he returned to Lisbon, where he plunged into a life of licentious excess. When his father tried to interest him in a girl, he merely rebuffed her and coldly cast her aside. To further insult his father, he took a beautiful mistress, a Galician girl named Theres. Lawrence. He refused to even think of matrimony.

Then the King died, and Pedro became King Pedro I of Portugal. Now he was able to put into effect his great scheme of vengeance.

First, he ordered the magnificent manorhouse he built. While he was awaiting its completion, he negotiated

a treaty with Pedro the Cruel, through which the remains of her were returned to Lisbon for punishment. Somehow, one of the three managed to escape and flee into Italy, but the other two were executed "by tortures too appalling to describe, while Pedro looked on, smiling in his revenge."

As the weeks went by, Pedro's character that her still lived because never apparent. He grew up all of his mistresses. "His tormented spirit," writes Lopez, "was never at rest."

Just when it was that Pedro's obsession at last reached the stage that he concluded her was not dead, even psychiatry could not tell us. Perhaps it was a slow progression into madness. But, at any rate, Pedro finally confessed that the body he craved, dressed in crimson robes and brought to Lisbon for execution.

No nation ever had a stronger ruler than the skeleton of Juan de Castro. Even though Pedro's love was the love of a madman, the story of that magnificent obsession clutches the heartstrings as few other tales of romance in the whole history of humanity have done.

There is a brief sequel to the tale. For over 400 years, the tomb of Pedro and her remained undisturbed. Then, in 1833, it was broken open by pillaging French soldiers.

The two skeletons were intact, lying foot-to-foot in the marble sarcophagus. And when the French soldiers opened the casket of her, they gazed for an instant reverently.

For even they could not but know that before them lay the bones of a woman who had once been beautiful. On the skull of Juan de Castro—hardly harmed by the passage of centuries—still gleamed a wealth of golden-olive, golden hair.



• Keep for Rich! Make money faster than your wife can spend it.  
 • First Topic: Home scene is something that prevents a home from being on fire. • A modest girl, they say, never punishes a man—and neither does a mischievous punner. • Recent: A Detective Detective: Give a husband enough rope and he'll slip. • Which naturally leads us to add that your husband's don't criticize their wives' clothes too freely—they just make allowances for them. • Longest word in the English language is the one that comes after the phrase "And now a word from our sponsor." • National Men's February: A like organization—an irregular movement from here to here.  
 • Which reminds us that a man's love is a fellow who, upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the toilet.  
 • Have you met the folk who say they've dropped in for a call, but really mean they've called in for a drop?  
 • Were Holy-Deadish: To a man the ideal wife is the one who thinks she has an ideal husband. • Children Deductions: A fox is a wolf that smells flowers. • Goodhead "Why did Denny call her now holy Enema?"—"Because it wasn't on the program." • Few girls these days bother about sewing—but they are still excellent wheedle women. • Mothers for Mothers: She who lectures is was. • Working for Wonders: The work is changed with a lot of things that should be blamed on a hero. • Matrimonial Meditations: Every time I argue with my wife, words find me. • Conversation Fares: When men talk about women it is generally ignorantly speaking.  
 • A husband is the kind of person who looks at a sausage and thinks of Potatoes. • Correction: There are no silly reasons—reasons are always busy.  
 • Which reminds us that although it was only a sausage, only one ate it.  
 • How you heard about the two disappointed bottle-lies?—they went to a dance and found it was only a south bell.  
 • Few mothers worry about what their daughters know—the only how they found it out. • Women of Experience: No man should tell his friends any more than he wants his wife to know from Glee. • Promising Fables: Some women take the planning routine to heart. • Member Suggests: A man has reasons when he can't sleep when it's time to get up. • Which leads us naturally to observe that the one most concerned about having his chickens come home to roost is probably the rooster.

**OUR SHORTEST STORY** A Chicago deal with was recently reported to be seeking a divorce from her dead waste husband because he used abusive sign language with her. "No need lawyers I never saw before," she complained.



WHEN THE FOLKS THOUGHT  
 WHEAT BURNED, KATH KING  
 HE ABOUT TO GET OUT OF A  
 HORSE. BUT WHEN HE  
 WAS INTRODUCED TO THE  
 FIRE, HE WAS IN A WHIRL.



WHEN LAUGHING REMINDS  
 THAT THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTION  
 FOR RESOLVING THE PROBLEM.  
 A MAN, A HORSE, A WHIRL OF  
 WHEAT, A WHIRL OF WHEAT.









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# Salute To

# Courage



WITH HIS HEART POUNDING, HIS KNEES SHAKING, HIS MOUTH DRY

JOHN B. MacDONALD • FICTION

HE awakened that Sunday morning from a sleep so deep that for many moments he did not remember that this was the day of all days of his life. When he remembered, he bounded up and ran through the second room to the door of the adobe hut.

Yellow sun, blue sky and brown baked hills. A clear, cool day and late from the height of the sun. His sister, Rosalinda, was a dot of bright Sunday colors over at the edge of

the stream that was now almost dry. Augustin started to run toward her and then, remembering the day and remembering dignity, he slowed to a more careful pace. She looked up as he approached, and her cheeks flushed as she smiled. She had 16 years, not less than he.

"Black sheep for the towns," she said. "Rosendo was quiet."

"Where are they, Rosalinda, really?"

"They were in the earliest Mass. You can see them coming now."



AS THE SAND UNDERFOOT, HE AWAITED THE GREAT BULLS CHARGE

He looked down the rutted road toward the village. His mother and father were coming slowly. At long distances he could hear his father from the limp of the left leg into which had gone the horn of the great black Miura bull so many years ago in distant Spain when his father had been the famed Rosalindero who was had accompanied the apostolic mission, Oaxaca.

The three smallest children were running up toward the house. They were and came charging down at their brother, the eldest child. But

ten feet away they stopped abruptly and became eddy. Yesterday Augustin had been a familiar one with whom they could romp and play. To-day all had changed. To-day Augustin Gilbert would enter the bull ring at Oaxaca.

Augustin met his father and mother at the door to the house. It seemed that he had been given new senses on this great morning. The fear that came from his mother was like a dark wave. She did not speak of it, but it was on her face, deep in her eyes. In his father there was a dis-

front part of face, mingled with pride for his tall son.

His father turned to the children and said, "Leave us." The children went away. His father, whose character then Angustin, stood and placed his hands firmly on the shoulders of his tall son. "It has been many years, eh?"

"Yes, father."

"Perhaps it is all a mistake on my part. To have a son do what I could not do. I had a certain skill with the hands—like no more. My son, you have fought well the culver at the tennis. You have grown. I do not know if you have courage. I have taught you how to leave the belt, how to watch for their faults and virtues. But knowledge is nothing without courage. Today we will learn."

"If I have lost half of you!"

"Do not think of me. Do not think of all the power of the village which have gone into your coat of light. Think of nothing but the moment of great moment when you step away from the wall and into the air and it is you and the black beast. Pride will not substitute for courage."

"I cannot speak with you again, Angustin. Down there in the city, as well as all confusion, many people." He went back. He embraced Angustin quickly, patted his back.

"Go now to Man with Rembrandt. I shall meet you at the bus, with everything we shall need. Remember not to cut. Should you be wounded, it will make more difficult the work of the machine."

During Man he played for company. Afterwards, at the bus, he found his father in the crowd. Only his father and Rembrandt were attending the mother was playing with the small children. It was a special bus that the late company had pro-

vided for this occasion, a large one, though quite old. Even so, it was packed full with all those from Ede who were coming to watch this fight, who had given their seats for the needed things his father carried in the large bundle, who felt that the pride and honour of their village rode on his thin strong shoulders.

His father sat beside him, near the aisle, his feet propped on his lap, and watching to train it to the perfect rock.

Eleven miles passed all too quickly and then they were rolling down into Geneva. It was by then eleven o'clock, five long hours until the beginning of the evening of four.

Everyone piled off the bus and gathered in a shouting, murmuring crowd around Angustin and his father. Here, in the city, it was highly necessary to make more noise, to show that the city could not intimidate the men of Ede.

The lieutenant, a thin nervous man, pushed through the crowd and said, "Gulver? Gulver?" This was, please, to my ear.

He and his father were led over to a box, somewhat shabby, black velvet, having their friends behind. The people of the village of Ede would sit in a solid group on the east side of the ring.

Senior Rembrandt started up with a great clapping of hands, talking all the while. "Today will be the best day of our season. We go now to my house where you will eat and then down for the ring, Gulver. There is great enthusiasm. They wish to see what Peralta will do after his great triumph of last week. Three afterwards in the ring on a corner, a scuffle, and already he has a following. And Gulver, those of us who remember the great record of your father expect much from you. Much. The third one, Vincenzo, is of no account. Truly a clown, really,

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It is you and Paula that they have come to see. The liberty has been taken of drawing the lots for the balls. You have numbers read and chosen in the game.

The house of Parental was on a narrow cobblestone street. Friends of Paula were leaving. Parental ran here and there, placing them out, like an anxious mother. But Augustin was introduced to Paula, a slender young man of nineteen with a cold somewhat pale face, great heavy veins.

Augustin was shown to a small cool decked room where there was a bed. His father left for the place to inspect the balls. Augustin lay on the deckchair, his right hand resting on his damp forehead.

He tried to sleep but he knew that it was impossible. All that he could do was to keep careful watch on the long watches of the legs, reliving them each time they threatened to tighten up.

After an eternity his father came in, sat on the bed and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. He smiled at Augustin.

"It is nearly two. I can help you dress now, if you wish."

The suit of light was heavy, of an opus colour, unembroidered with gold. It would have been a much cheaper quality had not, at the last moment, such old Baron Voltaire y Monseigneur decided to donate. The black clipper, the aquiline, were of a tightness and lightness that made his feet feel like feathers. His father held the end of the deep red and black while Augustin spun twice around, basking in light. His father fastened the traditional jacket to the back of his son's standing duck head, placed the black bullfighter's cap, the *montera*, at the right angle, then tenderly unwrapped the ancient drag cape and gave it to his son.



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At that moment Ponsard came in. "It is time to go, you are ready?" He reached his hand on one side "Sublime, Gabriel!" He hurried to the door, turned and said "We will leave in twenty minutes for the place."

It was then twenty minutes of three. Soon the three societies were in the back area of the shabby station. Ponsard drove slowly through the streets. Children ran beside the car.

Then all was confusion. There was a time of waiting in the room of the secret between the Captain, the bullfighters' small chapel, and the infirmary, where two doctors had set their emergency arrangements.

After Augustin came out of the Capilla, he could hear the desperate murmur of the crowd and suddenly the heavy hand broke into "Espana Camo." Augustin felt weak and sick, and the music did not stir him as it always had in the past when he had watched the great ones in the big Plaza Mexico far to the north.

Augustin was surprised to find himself walking in the evening parade step of the bullfighters without even having to think. The music and the crowd were a vast confusion.

Being there matched the banderilleros, the picadores, the passadillos and finally the matador's attendants with their wheelbarrows and heels.

One by one they were introduced. He was the last to be introduced. Vicennes put a spotfingering of applause. Ponsard received a great under-muffled roar. Augustin's father leaped out and greeted to Augustin. They stood side by side and the ovation was loud and loud.

Then everyone was out of the ring. After the setting of the transepts there was a curious stillness. The gate of the door of the bulls was wide. The animal came out, hard and strong and

fast, moving the head with a calm question. The members of the cuadrilla ran here, flanking the working capes, designs back through the narrow entrance of the banderilleros as the bull roared by, grunting, snorting, the great muscles of the black hump swelling with rage.

As they learned this attack, the banderilleros with the working capes ran out into the ring, trailing the capes in the wind, snapping the bull in short punishing turns.

Then Vicennes stepped out. His passes were dead, but he worked at a very safe distance from the bull. One pass marked a few foolish cries of "Ole!" The next started bull-headed whistles of derision. Had it been a truly good bull, the whistles would have been much louder. But the animal was uncertain in its charges.

When the picadores came out to the padded horses, the bull charged hard and well, but backed away quickly as he felt the pike. He was a banderillero creature — not brave enough to be dead, yet not cowardly enough to be gone out.

The fight moved into the third stage. Vicennes dedicated his bull, threw his hat up to the person to whom he had dedicated it, and went out with the sword and the muleta for that final portion of the fight called the faena, which precedes the kill.

It was a miserable faena, containing no more terror with an unstable animal. All he could do was step the front to left and to right with the small cape, without grace, without great danger, without any poetry. He went in once to kill and he tried to thrust the sword and ran away at the same time. He killed miserably in the fifth attempt and left the ring with an enormous chorus of whistles and shouts.

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The devil, whether the yells of "Makela! Makela!" told him. The bull had turned and started another charge. He planted his feet and this time, as the bull moved like he felt their backward dance-protogeas little hitching steps, backed out of danger.

His eyes filled with tears. The whistling grew worse—worse than anything awarded Vincenzo during his pathetic fight.

The crowd roared at him, sailing down and around. The fast danced wildly, endlessly, partly, always taking him back from the horns as the crowd changed. Most cushions reared down on him. One struck him in the middle of the back, almost thrusting him forward on to the horns, and the crowd shouted a murmur, "Ole!"

At the time of the fall, the first found a new way to destroy him. He would direct them to run straight at the bull. They would run two straight steps and then veer sharply to the left, so fast as he was carried helplessly by, all he could do was make a little thrust at the bull from ridiculously long range.

He could not hit the bull properly. Firstly the adroitest animal backed his branches against the barriers and stood with lowered head. He had to take the sword with the spine up and the cross-piece five inches from the tip and kill it with the neck thrust.

The horns and jaws and whistles were enormously loud. The crowd had turned on him like a vast animal. He went to his father. His father's face was the colour of wax and the effort to smile comradely was painful.

"The next one will be better, Australia, my son."

"Papa, don't let me go home! Can I not let someone take my second bull?"

The horse man looked at him for a

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long moment, then turned and spat on to the sand by the baranca door. "You collected to fight two animals. And two you will fight!"

While Yumatan and Perche each fought their second animals, Augustin tried to reach deeply inside himself and find either heart or anger. There was merely a calmness.

It was as though he stood in a patch of shadow that no one else could see. He only stirred out of his trance when the south bull of the afternoon charged in. He heard someone in one of the lower stands and behind him say, "A beauty! That catch on seemed should be voted on that!"

He went on wearily. Now the infection had crept up from the rebel foot. It was in his arms and his shoulders. There was no fluidity. His arms felt like the pointed wooden sticks seen on dolls. The rope would not fall into proper folds.

As the bull charged, he floated the cape out awkwardly and too high and went back in the little dancing steps. He had floated the cape too soon. The bull saw the movement of the legs and shoes and veered, charging those moving legs, looking up at him through the cape. A great blow struck him in the chest and swept and the place upon which under him, while a great shell seemed filled his ears.

And then the sound was gone and he looked up to see a great little man running for the baranca in a huge strapping, flying stride. For one long moment he did not know who it was and then he realized that it was his father who had rushed running out to distract the bull. He jumped to his feet. It was impossible that his father could escape. Every thrust in the arena was open in one long warning scream. Just as the bull dipped his head to look up into the buttacks of the man, one of the banderilleros,

rearing in from the side, sped down, narrowly saving, trailing a cape. It distracted the bull and Augustin's father went over the fence.

Augustin found that he was on his feet and winning, that he had picked up the rope without considering the act. For the man who had saved his father was now trapped himself!

Augustin ran sharply to as to enter the bull's field of vision, flapping his cape wildly, yelling, "Tost! Agui, tost! Hah, tost!" The bull swerved away from the man and Augustin barely had time to pump the rope properly. The heavy embrodered sleeve of his jacket was ripped from elbow to wrist and he could feel the warm spreading wetness.

He set his feet firmly and brought the bull by him in a classic veronica, the most simply of all poses with the big cape. The bull whirling and charged again and he passed it on the other side, the cape moving so slowly that at each stage of the pose it seemed covered of deep red marks. The third time he made the pose the great sheet of "Ola" was like an explosion in the place.

The bull whirling and charged as though it were tied to a cable. Again and again and again and between the poses he talked to it, saying, "Come back, amigo. Oh, here of heart, here of beauty. Again, my position little black one. Again, my toy?"

Each pose was like the slowest motion to his heightened reflexes. He felt the horn pass inches from his leg, and then he felt the tiny rip as the horn tip lifted embroidery from his thigh. And then, when the bull was blinded by the tears that filled his eyes, he sensed that it had reached the end of its career. He flung it in play with a retorta, turned his back to the dazed animal and stood there for eternal seconds, looking upward at the highest part of the place. Then



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No Printing of This No. 11th March, '32. In consequence of the important things that were being done over the week I have not been able to write any more and I am sorry to say that I am physically ill.

No. 12th March, '32. My memory and interest have improved. I have more courage and ability and I shall better job than ever in the future. — W.B. 1231, Peter and Thomas.

Goodnight and Goodnight. No. 13th March, '32. I have given up gambling and drinking since I have taken the Course. All good. My friends are happy and well. — W.B. 1231, Peter and Thomas.

Goodnight and Goodnight. No. 14th March, '32. I have made amazing progress. I am definitely up to the level of my mind and I am now able to do anything I wish. I am happy and I am now the best of health. — W.B. 1231, Peter and Thomas.

Goodnight and Goodnight. No. 15th March, '32. I have received what was a letter of which I am extremely proud. I am now the best of health and I am now the best of health. — W.B. 1231, Peter and Thomas.

No. 16th March, '32. The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Board, has made arrangements to meet the financial requirements and make a number of new students to join the Pelman Course of Training without delay. Write or call, The Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester House, 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

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slowly he walked away from the apartment, and as his eyes closed he saw every person on his feet, saw the conference spinning down, heard the great roar.

At the first again, he took the ball away for four minutes of chance shots. The feet were no longer reliable. Each time he planted them, they stayed stubbornly fixed. He did not take by thrusting his body in close to the ball after the horns had passed by. This was the first, the product of many long years.

After the ball had been passed—wherein it showed tremendous bravery—and after the headball had been spectacularly placed, so brilliant such a creature—Augustan walked over to where his father stood behind the barriers. The ball was on the far side of the trap. He took off his hat and dedicated the ball to his father.

When he was 20 feet from the ball he held the record on his right hand, the muscles stuck in his left, grasped by the middle. He turned his right side toward the animal, the back of his right hand against his hip, the sword projecting out behind him and down toward the sand. He was inclined slightly from the waist. He stood with his feet together, which the eyes saw and read softly, "Come, here. Come!"

The eyes of the animal moved.

He changed like a spring suddenly released. He went by within inches, turned and charged again without missing, and again, and again. Augustan closed any conscious thought of planning. It had become a simple dance in which he and the bull both carefully followed their own wavelike or controlled pattern across the sand. This was a deep culture to Augustan, and he wished that the dance would never end, that he could go through all eternity, a man and

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a heart is something that was done,  
meant, sculpture—combined.

And then, too soon, the ball was ready for the kill. He prodded and nudged along the second ball in his right hand, the *maquette* low in his left hand. He went in fast, swinging the two-field *maquette* out to his right, under the right right arm. As the second stopped, without resistance, into the tiny crevice between the narrow bones of the shoulders, sending downward to the lower hand. Augustan pulled his stomach in to permit the second's right foot to slip by. The heavy shoulder knocked him away.

As he reached his feet the bull bawled awkwardly and some brown hair, the brain rolling one last charge, the body struggling to obey. Angustine stood without movement. The bull fell and rolled over onto its side, the black muscle inches from Angustine's toes.

They let him make one circuit of the arena, holding aloft the heavy tool and the two severed ears, and then the crowd could contain itself no longer. They streamed into the ring.

Had he not suffered a horn wound, they would have carried him all the way back to the central square of Florence.

The wound was slight. It was dressed and he was told to avoid using the arm for several days.

After tea had changed, they all went back on the bus back to Eile.

There was a strongman about all of them, about the famed Jumbo, and his mate, Koolah, and even the gauntiest man sitting beside him who had so valiantly risked his life.

As the two nearest hills and the long evening of celebration, Augustus began to realize that during the second fight he had gone apart from them and he would never be able to return the entire distance. Even the Augustus of that morning was a stranger—a small figure and far away. It was the start of a journey into far wild places, from which there was no return.

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**STUDY**

**T**

Figure 10.10 illustrates the relationship between the number of nodes and the number of links in a network. The number of links is proportional to the square of the number of nodes,  $L \propto N^2$ . This is because each node is connected to every other node in the network, resulting in a complete graph. The number of links is also proportional to the number of nodes,  $L \propto N$ , because the number of links is proportional to the number of nodes in a linear network.

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11

# Talking Points

## BURIED TREASURE . . .

The *People* tale of *Silvercreek*, about 50 miles due west of Sonora, is, according to popular Canadian writer Cedric Belfrage, the repository of a vast hoard of golden treasure. It is worth, in round figures, \$1,000,000, or maybe ten times that amount. Silvercreek's sandy beaches and deep bays have known many visitors, ranging from the old Polynesian navigators to the yellow and brown men of the East which is West, from the galleons of Spain and the caravels of Portugal to the less, hungry craft of the pirates and blackbirds, the first slippers of Confederate blockadesmen, and the solid lugs and salvagers of honest traders. Some of these must have put the treasure there. "Golden Lure of Silvercreek," on page 5, will give you the full details.

## ROUTES DE NUIT . . .

Strictly speaking, that means "night buses," and it's how the French refer to their night clubs. Betty Nicks, recently back from a European jaunt, gives an amusing account of an evening in the Paris buses de nuit on the cheap in "All For Free," on page 12. We hope to update you with some more of Betty's adventures in the near future.

## GROUPE . . .

The new story of Crown Prince Pedro of Portugal and Inez de Castro,

"the beautiful one," is retold by Leroy Thompson in "Sixteenth Queen." Illustrated at the order of Pedro's father, the King, who forced her submission on the prince, Inez was later separated from her lover to be crowned Queen of Portugal by Pedro's side in the most grand coronation in history. Inez also had not been embalmbed, most of her flesh had rotted away, but discolored shreds of muscle and cartilage still clung to the skeleton's bones in places. This was the opportunity to which Pedro ordered his court to pay homage. We'll leave Leroy Thompson to tell you what finally happened to Pedro and his sixteen love on page 65.

## NEXT MONTH . . .

In the *Centrade* line-up next month we have the same kind of interesting, unusual, up-to-the-minute reading. Doran Mills presents the love-drama on a delightful little novel by John "The Watchdog Woman in Rome" Bill Delaney takes down sport, temporarily, to show how to pack a murder story ("Assault on Death") with suspense, excitement and just the right measure of gore. For the rest, Lester Krog delivers the Hawaiian history in "Crimea Underfoot," Lee Gaudin discusses "Should the Unfit be Sterilized?" and Jack Manning travels to Mexico to discover "The Fate of a Fiction Master."



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